RECORDINGS · BOOKS · TRAVEL · MOVIES · DANCE

Saturday Review

AUGUST 29, 1970/50c

AFTER KENT STATE: THE FIRST HUNDRED DAYS

by PETER SCHRAG

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EVEN WHEN WE THINK SMALL, WE THINK BIG.

We know you're anxiously awaiting the tenth of September, just like we are.

Because that's the day we finally bring out Vega, the little car that does everything well.

In the meantime, settle back and read our modest claims, one more time.

Big for its size.

While we would feel a little guilty calling Vega enormous inside, we *can* say that it's amazingly roomy. In fact, on a person for person basis, it's just as roomy as many big cars.

Vega is also a relative giant in the power department—at least compared to other little cars. It comes standard with a 90-horsepower (80 SAE net as installed) 4-cylinder overhead-cam engine with a die-cast aluminum block. So you can boldly go forth to conquer 8-lane freeways and long steep hills.

Vega stands a stable 5½' wide.

There are big 10-inch disc brakes up front.

And very posh front bucket seats.

We've said it before and we'll say it again: Vega is just as much car as any big car, only smaller.

Don't get us wrong: Vega is by no means a big car.

It rides on a mere 97-inch wheelbase.

And in our tests, it's getting around 25 miles per gallon with the standard engine and transmission.

Maybe best of all, Vega handles like a little car. A little sports car, not a little economy car. Of course, we can never convince you in an ad that Vega is fun to drive. You'll have to check that out for yourself.

Vega also carries a little price tag. You'll find that out when you come in to see if Vega really is fun to drive.

The start of something big.

We're not just offering a new little car. We're offering a whole new world of little cars.

We're offering four models: coupe, sedan, wagon and panel truck.

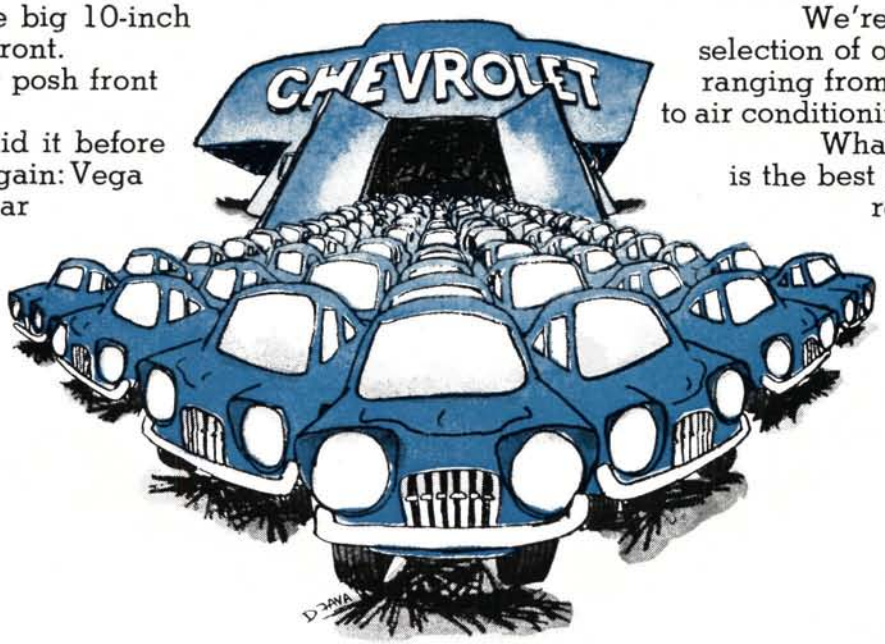
We're offering four transmissions: 3-speed, 4-speed, fully automatic Powerglide and semi-automatic Torque-Drive.

We're offering a nice selection of other options too, ranging from power steering to air conditioning.

What we're offering is the best little car on the road.

You'll see.

September 10.



GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

VEGA

CHEVROLET

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August 29, 1970

Saturday Review

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by Peter Schrag

Cover design: Bob Cato

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Beveridge Webster's Accompanist

BALDWIN

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The Museum's 100th anniversary catalogue of Christmas cards and presents – rare American blown glass, sculpture, ancient jewelry in gold and silver, and for the first time a selection of rings; books and prints, and the magnificent 1971 Engagement Calendar, "Flowers for All Seasons." ☆ New designs for the famous Museum cards include works by Fra Angelico, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Rembrandt, El Greco, Bruegel, and Degas, medieval enamels, frescoes, della Robbias, and early American crewel embroidery. All cards and presents, except the books, are made especially for the Museum and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. Mail the coupon below for the 48-page catalogue.

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*Name*_____

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YOU'RE BEING

Virtually every time you spend money, whether at the supermarket, department store, drugstore, or gas station, you're being ROBBED! You're being duped, hoodwinked, and swindled out of the full value of your money by a combination of deceptive selling techniques including Madison Avenue double-talk, mendacious salesmanship, and insidious labeling and packaging ploys. Senator Warren Magnuson, the most alert consumer watchdog in Congress, says that deceptive selling is today's "most serious form of theft, accounting for more dollars lost each year than robbery, larceny, auto thefts, embezzlement, and forgery combined." Sidney Margolius, the dean of American consumer writers, asserts that "Never in the 30 years I have been reporting on consumer problems has the public been as widely and steadily exploited as today." And Ralph Nader, the nation's most renowned champion of consumer rights, states that "Nowadays consumers are being manipulated and defrauded not just by marginal, fly-by-night hucksters, but by America's blue-chip business firms." In short, commercial flimflammery is rife throughout the nation today and the American consumer is being victimized as never before. As a partial antidote to this widespread fraud and deception, an intrepid, authoritative new publication has been launched. Its name is **Moneysworth.**

Moneysworth, as its name implies, aims to see that you get full value for the money you spend. It rates competitive products as to best buys (as among cameras, hi-fi's, automobiles, and the like); it offers ingenious tips on how to save money (they will *astound* you with their inventiveness); and it counsels you on the management of your personal savings and investments (telling you not only how to gain maximum return, but also how to protect your money against the ravages of inflation). In short, **Moneysworth** is your own personal consumer crusader, trusted stockbroker, and chancellor of the exchequer—all in one.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Moneysworth** for you is to list the kinds of articles it prints:

Earn 12% on Your Savings (Insured)

How to Buy A New Car for $125 Above Dealer's Cost

Inaccurate Billing by the Phone Co.

The Advantages of a Swiss Banking Account—Over 500,000 sophisticated American businessmen can't be wrong.

Providing Your Teenager with Contraception

A Consumer's Guide to Marijuana

14 Recession-Wracked Cities Where Real Estate Is Selling for a Pittance

"Consuming Fire"—A regular department in which the editors of **Moneysworth** take aim at companies caught defrauding the public.

Unsafe at Any Height—A comparison of the safety records of major airlines.

Free Land, Free Food, and Free Money from Uncle Sam

Stocks that Are on the Rebound

The Wisdom of Sending Your Child to College Abroad

The Moneysworth Co-operative—Details of a price-discount co-op (for purchasing typewriters, cameras, and the like) that **Moneysworth** subscribers automatically become members of.

How Much Are You Worth?—A simple chart gives the answer in 60 seconds.

High-Priced Lemons—A dossier of incredible mechanical failures on brand-new Imperials, Continentals, and Cadillacs.

The Link Between Heart Attack and Coffee—A suppressed report by a member of the President's Commission on Heart Disease.

Pretested Toys—A list of safe, imaginative playthings that contrast sharply with the execrations advertised on TV.

The Economics of Being Black

Ordering Books, Magazines, and Records from England—The prices are low and the quality is usually sublime.

Getting Your Congressman to Do Your Research for You

Maryland's Tough New Approach to Manufacturers' Warranties

Hiring a Draft Lawyer—Possibly the most important gift you'll ever present to your son.

Cashing In on Canada's "Floating" Dollar

Cyclamates: Did America Overreact?

The New U.S. Minicars: An Evaluation

Critics' Consensus—A regular feature of **Moneysworth** in which the opinions of leading book, record, and film critics are tabulated.

Buying Art Without Getting Framed

"Unit-Pricing"—The biggest development in food stores since trading stamps.

The Great Odometer Gyp—How rent a-car companies take the American public for a $10-million-a-year ride.

A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 200(

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Legal Ways to Beat Sales Taxes

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How Metrecal Hurts Your Diet

Life Insurance: A Legalized Swindle—A Hartford actuary tells why believes that "more than 90% American policies are sold throug distortion, deceit, and fraud."

Teaching Your Child the Value of Money—Without having him *over*value it

The Free Government Benefits Most Often Overlooked by GI's

How to Cope With Computerized Dunning Letters

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ROBBED!

Taxproof Money—A collection of highly creative, perfectly legal gimmicks.

How to Distinguish Health from Hokum at the Health-Food Store

Blindness Caused by Contact Lenses

Don't Buy U.S. Savings Bonds—Why they make a terrible investment, how they undermine sound government fiscal planning, and why one investment counsellor says, "They're palmed off mostly on rubes and financial boobs."

The Truth about Cut-Rate Gasolines

Rx for Overpriced Drugs—How to buy medicine by generic name.

The Cost to a Beginner of Running for Political Office

Artificial Coloring: U.S. Certified Poison

Low-Cost Psychoanalysis

"No-Fault" Insurance Clarified

Are You Underpaid?—A chart of prevailing wages across the U.S., job-by-job.

Social Security's Special Rules for Women

How to Outsmart an Insurance Adjustor

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Stockholders of the World, Unite!—On the need for shareholders to protect themselves against stock-option grabs, dummy-director appointments, and other such abuses by management.

Illuminating Facts about Light Bulbs—Which brands cost less, last longer, and furnish more light.

Free Checks—A list of 200 banks that allow the writing of unlimited numbers of personal checks.

Appliance Problems: When Not to Call a Repairman

G.E.'s New Synthetic Diamonds—Will they undermine the value of real ones?

New York's Biggest Miser—An interview with a compulsive penny-pincher who lives comfortably in the world's most expensive city on $40 a week.

When in Doubt, Deduct—The most common forms of income-tax overpayment.

Bootleg Birth Control Pills

$99 Fares to Europe

In sum, **Moneysworth** is a hip, trustworthy financial mentor. It reflects the quintessence of consumer sophistication.

In format, **Moneysworth** is a newsletter. It is designed for instantaneous communication and ready reference when you're shopping. It is published *fortnightly*. This ensures you that the information in **Moneysworth** will always be up-to-the-minute. You'll be reading about revolutionary new products, for example, during the very week they're introduced. Product ratings will appear precisely when you need them most (automobiles and sailboats will be rated in the spring, for example, and Christmas gifts and ski equipment in the fall). The dispatches, analyses, and product evaluations in **Moneysworth** will originate in New York, Washington, and any other place where consumer news is likely to develop.

In style, **Moneysworth** is concise, pragmatic, and above all, forthright. **Moneysworth** does not hesitate to name brand names (whether to laud or lambaste them), to identify big corporations when they gouge the public, and to quote the actual prices and discounts that you are entitled to and should be getting. **Moneysworth** can afford to be this candid because *it carries no advertising whatsoever; it is beholden to no one but its readers.*

The editors of **Moneysworth** are a team of hard-nosed, experienced journalists with considerable expertise in the fields of consumer interests and quality periodical publishing. The editor-in-chief is Ralph Ginzburg, creator of the flamboyant magazines Fact, Eros, and Avant-Garde. Mr. Ginzburg was the first editor to provide a platform for Ralph Nader to express himself on the subject of automobile safety. **Moneysworth**'s publisher is Frank R. Brady, generally regarded as one of the publishing industry's shrewdest financiers. Herb Lubalin, the world's foremost graphic designer, is **Moneysworth**'s art director, and its managing editor is Ted Townsend, a newspaper executive with over 20 years of experience. Together, these men will produce the first—and only—consumer publication with *charisma.*

Moneysworth is available by subscription only. Its price is $10 a year. **However, right now you may order a special introductory Charter Subscription for ONLY $5.00! This is HALF PRICE!!**

Moreover, we are so confident that **Moneysworth** will prove itself indispensable to you that we are about to make what is probably the most generous subscription offer in publishing history: *We will absolutely and unconditionally guarantee that* **Moneysworth** *will increase the purchasing power of your income by at least 15%—or we'll refund your $5.00 IN FULL.* In other words, if you now earn $10,000 a year, we'll guarantee that **Moneysworth** will increase the value of your income *by at least $1,500*—or you get your money back. As you can see, a subscription to **Moneysworth** is an absolutely foolproof investment.

To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with $5 to: **Moneysworth,** 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

We urge you to act at once. Stop being robbed and start getting your **Moneysworth.**

MONEYSWORTH

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Finger, Having Writ, Starts Running

OK, I HAVE just finished another book for Doubleday, which will be due last December. However, because of my own patented brand of sloth, the book will make its appearance next week.

You would think that once an author finished writing a book, he can knock the ashes out of his pipe, take a shower, lie back on his hammock, and rake in (or wonder where are) his royalties.

Not true. Once he's laid aside his pen, the author becomes salesman, pitchman, barker, shill, medicine man, who shows up all over the dials to convince you that if you read his book, your life will be enriched. And so will he.

The book producers expect it. They will furnish a long list of radio and TV stations where the author can plug his masterpiece. "He that runs may read," in the lingo of the publishers, has become "He that runs may write." They will let you write a book if you agree to run around and hawk it.

It has proved to be a successful gambit. Take the case of a book I wrote a few years ago for Doubleday. I hemmed and hawked it so successfully on so many radio programs that the publishers told me the book was going into a third printing. And it did. They printed a third dozen.

The hosts on these talk shows are supposed to have read the books of the authors they invite to their studios. However, now and then, an author runs into hosts who prefer to sit around and chat about life, and whither are we going.

You wonder when they're going to mention your book. Oh, they have a copy of it right there. I noticed, on several occasions, some pages were uncut. Obviously their lives have not yet been all that enriched.

Or worse. One lady to whose radio microphone I was invited dangled the book tantalizingly before me, but she was keen to discuss the early days in radio and how when she was a little girl, aged two, she used to sit in front of her set and listen avidly to *Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons, Our Gal Sunday,* and *Easy Aces.*

The half hour flew by, and she thanked me for being her guest, and come visit again soon. As I rose to go, the man in the control room who transcribed our talk on a recording for a later broadcast came into the studio.

"You forgot to mention his book," he said to the lady.

"Oh dear," she said, "I'm so sorry."

"That's all right," I replied. "It's my fault. I got so carried away. You don't have to mention a book which is my life's work that I hope will enrich me."

"Oh, but I want to," she insisted. "Please sit down. I want to discuss your book. It's such a darling book."

I sat again. The engineer went back to the control room. He gave the signal that we were ready for taping, and we were off again.

"How is your book, titled *The Fine Art of Hypochondria,* selling?" she said into the microphone.

"Oh, it's selling like bad," I said.

"I'm so glad to hear that," she enthused. "And I hope it continues. Goodby, and thank you for being my guest."

Nevertheless, here I go enriching your lives again. This time it's a book called *Ladies and Gentlemen, Easy Aces.* It's a compilation of some of the scripts we performed on radio years ago. And as an extra bonus you will find, in a pocket inside the front cover, an original recording from one of the *Easy Aces* programs. It's an "all this and heaven too" deal, depending on how nostalgic you want to get.

It sounded easy. All I had to do was gather together some of the thousands of scripts that fill a wall in the den. They had lain there speechless since 1949. Although on some days, when a spring breeze riffles through their yellowed pages, I swear I can hear the soft strains of our theme song, "Manhattan Serenade," wafting eerily through the room.

I say it sounded easy. But I didn't reckon with the star and co-owner of the scripts. I explained it in detail. She was quick to grasp it.

"What do you mean a book?" she asked. "Explain it in words of one cylinder."

"A book of our scripts. You'll be immortal."

"Oh, it's going to be that kind of book. No, sir."

"Jane, I said 'immortal.'"

"Oh no. That's all right for Jacqueline Kennedy to write a book like that."

"That's Susann."

"Whoever. No, sir, not me."

I won't go on with the wretched details. But she finally consented when I mentioned the royalties. So now it's up to you to enrich her life.

"Do we have one for somebody who dropped a bundle on the stock market?"

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Sign of the Times was found by Mrs. Leon Ombrello of Marshfield, Massachusetts, in the Quincy *Patriot Ledger*:

EXPERIENCED
TELEPHONE
SOLICITOR

Able to be female Friday, 4 to 5 hours daily. For an appointment call Mr. Wish. . . .

Could it be an answer to women's lib? We're just asking, mind you—and we promise not to say that the Wish may be farther than we thought. In any case, there was better news found by Jim Malerba of Berlin, Connecticut, in the classified section of the New Haven *Register*:

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED bra and girdle manufacturer. Well developed territory consisting of Bronx, Westchester and Connecticut. . . .

Finally, all such news came to a happy ending when Mrs. Ruth Matheny of Washington Courthouse, Ohio, came up with the following item about a nudist club, in the local *Record*:

BERNALILLO, N. M. (AP)—A recent Yucca Naturist Club newsletter in announcing a social event urged "everyone to bring a covered dish."

On a far higher plane, C. A. Quarles of Texas Christian University urges us to start an Oxymoron of the Week contest. You don't know what an oxymoron is? Shame. Look it up. A word looked up is a word remembered. It is, of course, a rhetorical figure in which an epigrammatic effect is created by the conjunction of incongruous or contradictory terms. We thought *everybody* knew that. In any case, Quarles quotes author Bob Thomas, writing about Hollywood's "Terrible Trio": "On the whole that power was exercised beneviolently. . . ."

"A useful word," he says, and we agree, non-bene of course. Our real favorite, however, came from Ruth Tempest from a headline in the Sacramento *Bee*:

NIXON'S VERBAL GAFFE KEEPS ALIVE
AN UNHAPPY PRESIDENIAL TRADITION

A real oxeye daisy, we say, and we didn't say a word about moron—oxy or otherwise.

We've brought you many a best-selling author in this column, but who speaks for the vast majority of writers—the professionals who go along, year after year, book after book, just making it? Not failures certainly, but on the other hand far from howling successes.

In any case, such an author is Allen Churchill, who says frankly, "I've written so many books I can't possibly remember them all"—his latest being a handsome saga of New York society entitled *The Upper Crust*.

We cornered Mr. Churchill at the Russian Tea Room. "My father was a writer, too," he told us. "I should have vowed to stay out. My dear mother drummed into my head, 'Don't be a writer, don't be a writer.' For years, though, I had sense enough to be an editor. My philosophy was to let the other guy do the hard work."

Mr. Churchill edited for *Stage, Town and Country* and *American Mercury*. "I liked *Mercury* best," he told us. "They were the only ones who even gave me a Christmas bonus. It was five dollars."

Then came *Yank*, the famed World War II publication. A friend told him *Yank* needed a Navy man and then got him enlisted and over at *Yank* so fast he hardly knew what was happening. "I'm the only man in the history of the services," he says, "who not only never had basic training—hell, I never even had the shots." Mr. Churchill almost had another kind of shot, however, because his first assignment for *Yank* was to read homey radio scripts for the boys overseas. "Hi ya, fellers," he read, "this is Jitterbug Al Churchill." "I pulled quite a mail, too. The first letter came from a sailor in the war zone. 'Why don't you get that snotty-nosed bastard off the air,' it read, 'and send him out here to get shot at?'

"The story of *Yank* at war," Mr. Churchill continued, "is so incredible that even Joe McCarthy, the editor, won't write it. One of the many things we never learned was how to salute. One guy told me my salute was like a girl throwing a baseball.

"Remember we were all just enlisted men and yet we ate every day at the best restaurants. Mothers would come up with tears in their eyes saying, 'You poor dear boys,' while beautiful girls would fall over us saying tearful farewells—and then the next day we'd be back again."

Mr. Churchill married once—for two years. "I've specialized," he says briefly, "in long love affairs. If I'd been able to find one girl who either a) was interested in what I wrote, or b) could type, I'd probably have married again. But I never did. Finally I found this beautiful Swede, and I had just finished this article on Morton Downey. 'Well,' I thought, 'at least this has glamour. She started, slowly and laboriously, to read. Finally, after what seemed forever, she lifted her beautiful eyes. 'It's boresome,' she said.

"Now for fifteen years," Mr. Churchill declared, "I have been one of the gallant few who have been trying to make a living just writing books—no magazine articles." He has been with Dutton, Doubleday, Crowell, Holt, Harper, and now Prentice-Hall. "I'm so beaten now," he says, "I don't look for anything except the check. I started so hopeful, and several times I've been on the verge of real success. But every time something went wrong. The trouble is editors make out advertising budgets in advance and when anything good happens they're not in a position to take advantage of it. In those days I used to protest. Now I don't even do that.

"Today," he says, "I'd settle for just being known by other writers. But I'm not sure I'm even that. In the Twenties writers were dashing figures. In the Thirties, too. But times have changed. People are unimpressed. They know you write, but they also know it's a rough life. They ask how do you live. Nowadays the ones who have the glamour are the rock musicians.

Mr. Churchill looked glum. We tried to cheer him up. "Well," he said, "there are some compensations, I suppose. Every now and then you'll find one editor who's impressed by writers—and that's something. And I remember once walking up Fifth Avenue at Christmastime and seeing my book *Remember When* in all the bookstore windows."

Mr. Churchill was almost smiling now. "Oh, yes," he added, "and only the other day a young fellow came to fix the roof of my apartment and he recognized my name. 'Say,' he said, 'aren't you the fellow who writes all those books about New York?' I felt good about that."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1898)

(Richard) HARRIS:
JUSTICE: THE CRISIS OF LAW
(Order, and Freedom in America)

Since it is the majority's fear—fear of black men, . . . of crime, . . . of disorder, . . . even of differences—that allows repression to flourish, those who succumb to their fears are as responsible as those who make political use of them. And in the end both will suffer equally.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

The Red and the Blue

A BULLET drilled the blue uniform of the cavalry officer, and a small fountain of blood spurted from his heart—and it was at this point during the screening of *Soldier Blue,* a film directed by Ralph Nelson, that an esteemed lady reviewer for an esteemed publication got up from her seat and left the screening room, never to return. The picture had been under way no more than ten minutes, and since I stayed to the gory end, I can vouch for the fact that worse, or more, violence was yet to come.

A solemn foreword to the movie did attempt to prepare us for some of its horrors. The massacre of several hundred Cheyenne Indians, portrayed toward the close of the film, was to be regarded as true. There had been such a shameful event in American history. As was further made clear by some material supplied by the releasing organization, Avco Embassy Pictures Corporation, there had been two such events. One was the Sand Creek massacre, which took place in 1864; the other was the Wounded Knee battle of 1889. Research on both was used as the basis for the reconstructed version in *Soldier Blue.* Thus, for Mr. Nelson, presumably, there was sufficient justification for telling it—or, rather, showing it—like it was.

But was there such justification? On Mr. Nelson's side, the recent *alleged* (italics mine) massacre at Mylai can be cited as a parallel, and with it the plain insinuation that the American character, so called, has always been tainted with blood lust. Surely, then, anyone with the facts would be rendering a human service by bringing them to light. On the other hand, Mr. Nelson doesn't give us only a massacre of Indians, he opens the film with a massacre of U.S. Army soldiers by the Cheyenne, violent enough to make the aforementioned reviewer walk out. And he fails to tell us whether or not *that* massacre was based on an actual event.

Mr. Nelson, then, is giving us fiction, and between those two prolonged acts of violence he places what he has termed "an intimate story," and one based on no fact whatsoever. It is so preposterous a story that it gives rise to unwitting laughter, caused partly by Candice Bergen as a girl captured by Cheyenne warriors and turned into a chief's squaw for two years before being released, apparently for incompatibility. Fiction, of course, whether written, spoken, or shown, is not required to follow factual truth, but rather seeks relevance, meanings, emotional and esthetic responses, and there is no more cliché cop-out for failure than for its author to say: "But it's all true! It all happened!"

Ever since American movies began losing their inhibitions, once the Production Code was all but laid to rest, film-makers have been in a kind of competition to see who can shock the most. A whole new set of clichés has sprung up. The standard reactive line of dialogue for a pretty girl to speak is now "bullshit!" Miss Bergen, playing a girl of a century or more ago, not only says "bullshit" to her lover, but, on another occasion, "balls." Even historical films, it seems, must be "now" movies, especially in their speech patterns. Mr. Nelson, again, has admitted candidly that his aim was to tell a story of then in terms of now. But where he and others who present nauseating violence (not to mention whole catalogues of sexual aberrations) err is in assuming they have artistic license to do so.

Never, for one moment, do such film-makers as Nelson (previously responsible for such sentimental efforts as *Charlie* and *Lilies of the Field*) and Sam Peckinpah (*The Wild Bunch*) mention that a plethora of blood on the screen is commercially exploitable. Heavens no! They spend their $3-, $4-, and $5-million budgets showing us truth and assisting us in changing our errant ways. The advertising arm of the industry is not so easily taken in by this kind of b- - - - -t, however. One big ad for *Soldier Blue* is headlined: THE MOST SAVAGE FILM IN HISTORY. Another film, too nicely titled *Too Late the Hero,* evidently hasn't been attracting enough customers; so it has been retitled *The Violent Bunch.* Suitable for kids, too, since it has been given a GP rating.

All in all, it has been a depressing summer. With our film-makers freer than ever to create their visions, they have been foisting on us one benighted effort after another. It is not that our sometimes shameful history needs hiding; it is not that facts of life need covering. It is the pandering to some benighted film audience out there somewhere, supposedly, that sickens the heart and the conscience. The massacre in *Soldier Blue* is not only of the Indians.

"Shall I growl this letter back to you?"

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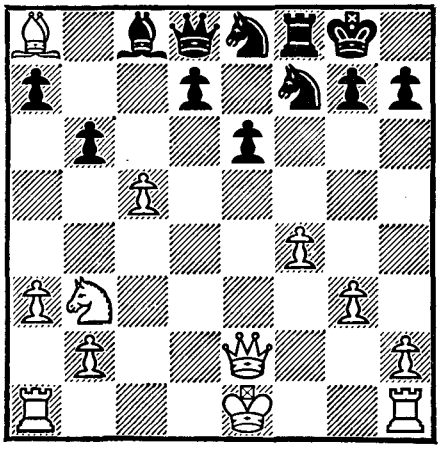
Amid noisy fanfare and hullabaloo, the greatest chess imbroglio on earth was ushered in. The PR was done by the Yugoslavs, and it smacked of Barnum and Bailey.

"Ladies and gentlemen," seemed to be the preamble, "we give you world champeen Boris Spassky of the Soviet Union and his compatriots, former world champeen Tigran Petrosian and three other former champeens, and five grandmasters. And we present, too, Bent Larsen of Denmark and Bobby Fischer of the United States to lead a ten-man team of global paladins for epic battles on the sixty-four magical squares."

Inveterate buffs applauded, while self-appointed critics and computer programers prophesied the doom of the world team. The final score, however, belied the prognostication: 20½-19½ for the U.S.S.R., despite an easy win for world team's Portisch of Hungary, which the Hungarian managed to draw.

English Opening

	Portisch White	Korchnoi Black	Portisch White	Korchnoi Black
1	N-KB3	P-QB4	10 P-B4	N-B3
2	P-B4	N-KB3	11 P-K5	N-K1
3	N-B3	N-B3	12 B-Q2	P-B3
4	P-Q4	PxP	13 P-QB5	Q-Q1
5	NxP	P-K3	14 P-QR3	BxN
6	P-KN3	Q-N3	15 BxB	PxP
7	N-N3	N-K4	16 BxP	P-QN3
8	P-K4	B-N5	17 B-N2	NxB
9	Q-K2	O-O	18 BxR	N-KB2



19	B-N2	PxP	23 B-N2	Q-N4
20	NxP	Q-N3	24 B-B1	Q-B3
21	Q-KB2	Q-N4	25 B-N2	Drawn
22	B-B1	Q-B3		

—Al Horowitz.

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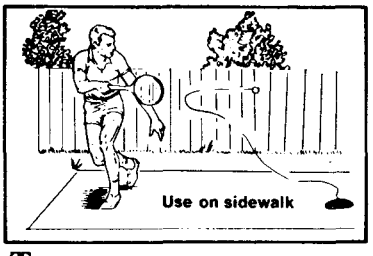

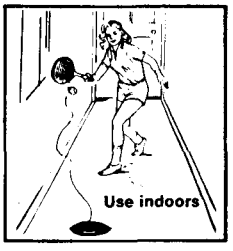

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Berio's "Opera" Loses, but Open Theater Wins

SANTA FE, N.M.

WHAT IS OPERA coming to that the world premiere by the enterprising Santa Fe Opera of a work by an internationally known composer turns out to be musically barren but a triumph for the double quintet of mummers, mimes, and mountebanks known as Open Theater? What it has come to is a work by Luciano Berio whimsically titled *Opera* mostly because he is Italian-oriented and the borrowings from several of his prior works permit it to be given the plural of opus which is "opera," and least of all because it has much to do with the literature for which the Santa Fe company has tilled and toiled to keep this operation operative, if hardly solvent.

If an operation can be operative while giving its handsome outdoor plant to the service of an *Opera* that is not an opera, what is it giving? It is giving what is, in the broadest sense of the term, a "theater piece." A pitful of musicians are employed for the most part in competition with tapes, sirens, and other mechanical devices for creating sound that is speciously, if at all, musical. This has nothing to do with the formal Berio idiom, which is well short of what is currently considered innovative. But it has everything to do with the *mélange* that has persuaded a foundation devoted to opera (small o, please) to provide funds in five figures to assist the production of a piece in which the singers appear infrequently, inconsequentially, and at the end invisibly.

That the five males and five females of off Off-Broadway's Open Theater have not only the last words but the last scene wholly to themselves is eminently in order. They *are* the show, and one dreads the fate of an *Opera* audience without them. Thus Berio repeats the ploy he pioneered in his widely admired "Sinfonia" of 1968, in which the virtuoso element was provided by the Swingle Singers. The difference is that the "Sinfonia" with the Swingle Singers but without the orchestral score is inconceivable, whereas *Opera* with the Open Theater personnel but without the singers is not merely conceivable but perhaps even preferable.

For those who may be impatient to know what *Opera* is about, the simple truth is that *Opera* is largely about Luciano Berio's desire to be a well-known and much-discussed man-about-intellectual-circles. The four segments of *Opera* ("acts" and "scenes" are terms in equal disfavor with Berio) consist of a revue-like succession of "turns," with the singers consistently travestied and eventually submerged to the inexhaustible physical and verbal energy of the actors, all young, all talented, and all devoted to the group's success. This juxtaposition may sound terribly daring, but it is, actually, as old as Pirandello, dramatically, and as young, musically, as the Strauss-Hofmannsthal *Ariadne auf Naxos*, which embodies the same intellectual scheme in a texture infinitely more artistic.

According to a sheaf of background notes, in which the composer is referred to, Zeuslike, as Berio, by an explicator whose name, oddly, is Susan Berio: "Because of the particular treatment of texts in *Opera*, Berio has declined to provide a printed text." Drivel. The simple fact is that the text is essentially nonsense, little of it can be heard, and it is largely a set of symbols mouthed by the Open Theater personnel to serve their own hypnotic purposes. The evening begins and ends with what purports to be a hospital lab, in which embalming is the ritual of the moment. In between there are a host of happenings related to the futility of life, the lot of the downtrodden ("slaves" is a recurrent terminology), derision of the Establishment, which is foolish enough to provide funds to have Establishment-associated traditions of opera mocked.

There is a suggestion in S.B.'s explanatory matter that the idea for L.B.'s *Opera* stemmed originally from the *Titanic* disaster of 1912 as symbolic of another "Establishment" crisis in which a mighty feat of technology was thwarted by "a mere bit of nature, an iceberg not contained in the thin-lined diagrams of ballrooms and promenades, of massive engines and safety devices." This, we are told, put an end to "the pretensions, the sumptuous fantasies of invulnerability, the boundless optimism of the just-ended nineteenth century." But how about the countless vessels that profited from the *Titanic*'s "optimism" to carry countless passengers in technological safety across the world in the decades since? This is never alluded to in *Opera*, not only because clear thinking is not in Berio's line, but also because it doesn't fit in with his hazy thesis that "everything and everybody is prisoner of a situation that aims towards its own internal perfection without acknowledging the nature of 'other' situations."

The slighting of the *Titanic* syllogism, save for one absorbing scene (pardon, episode) in which the human dynamos that make up Open Theater go back to German "Expressionismus" of the Twenties to perform a Ballet Mécanique of pistons pistoning and valves valving while human fallibility leads to the inevitable tragedy, is no greater than the slighting of the "opera is dead" motive. It, too, is allotted one scene in which a stageful of characters attired in the contents of an operatic warehouse "dream" their "own past." Boris is visible, also Turandot, but most unmistakably a Globolink from the Menotti success now in the Santa Fe repertory. Wagner is accounted for by enveloping clouds of steam. Perhaps his symbolism was no better than Berio's, but it was supported, extended, and ennobled by a musical abundance beside which the content of *Opera* is, on the whole, trivial.

Here and there the musical imagery that Berio has been known to possess does assert itself—a *Lulu*-like aria for soprano (well sung by Emily Tracy) that, monotonously, begins each of the parts in a slightly altered guise, and, terminally, some powerful orchestral writing to the enactment of the *Titanic* episode. But much the largest part of the two-and-a-half hours' playing time (which includes three intervals) is allocated to the interpolation of the Open Theater work called "Terminal." This is fascinating in the extreme, for its disciplined virtuosity of mime and movement in a choreographic counterpoint that is only dimly related to opera or *Opera*.

The action from first to last is played on a bare stage, and the costumes are not merely makeshift but shiftmade, the equivalent of sweatshirts and gym trousers for what may become known as the Santa Fe Ten: Shami Chaikin, Ron Faber, Jayne Haynes, Ralph Lee, Peter Maloney, Mark Samuels, Ellen Schindler, Tina Shephard, Lee Worley, and Paul Zimmett. *Opera* itself may become known as the first lyric drama to include the rear view of a nude performer who later is entrusted with screaming a four-letter word that is neither "love" nor "hate," but not for the vocal success of the put-upon as well as put-down singers: Barbara Shuttleworth, soprano; Douglas Perry tenor; and Richard Lombardi, baritone. Dennis Russell Davies launched what is destined to be a brilliant conducting career with his sure-handed integration of all the sounds, including such music as the score contains.

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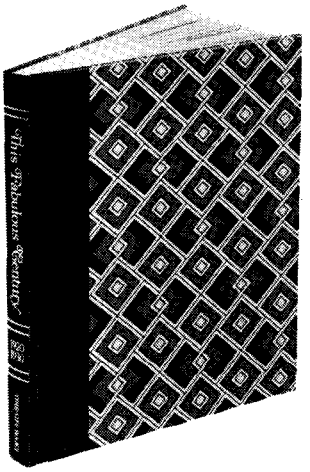

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After Kent State: The First Hundred Days

There were no armies of the night laying siege to the Pentagon, not even a campaign for Clean Gene. It was time for the new new politics, and the difference was staggering.

by PETER SCHRAG

Someone called it the *new* new politics, and what could be good that isn't new? In May it was to be the new crusade: hundreds of thousands of students responding to Cambodia and Kent State through a massive peace assault on Congress. In June it crystallized into scores of national committees, clearinghouses, and local primary campaigns—the national Movement for a New Congress, the Continuing Presence in Washington, the People's Lobby, the National Petition Committee, Project Purse-strings, the Universities National Anti-War Fund, and dozens of others. In July the summer's heat and time itself began to take their toll, and people talked about ego trips, cooling it on the beach, or a quick exit to a convenient commune. But in August, one hundred days after the shootings at Kent State—104 days after the invasion of Cambodia began—the Movement, that *it* which no one can fully describe or understand, remains alive and doggedly hopeful.

It is perhaps more mood than movement, more of a search than a strategy. The shock of the Cambodian adventure, coupled with the reaction to Kent State (and, more mildly, to Jackson State), activated people—students, faculty members, and others—who had never thought much about "movements" before. Some talked about being radicalized, and some were: In the first two weeks of May an estimated 760 campuses had strikes or demonstrations, some of them violent. At the same time, countless thousands of people descended on Washington to persuade their Congressmen of the folly and immorality of the war and to participate in what was undoubtedly the most tedious (and probably the last) of the mass demonstrations against Vietnam. But what emerged, finally, was not the armies of the night, laying symbolic siege to the Pentagon or the White House, or even another campaign for Clean Gene, but an attempt to reorganize the student peace movement on what some called a "professional basis," to give political activism a "responsible" flavor, and, most important, though perhaps least conscious, to cleanse the image of student involvement of the taints of freakiness and violence.

That the violence was frequently perpetrated on, and not by, students hardly seemed to matter. The victims at Kent State and Jackson State were, after all, not even participants but spectators and, in one case, simply a high school student on his way home from work. One veteran of the Columbia demonstrations of 1968 who still carries a scar from a policeman's club talked about violence as being "counterproductive," almost as if he had inflicted the wound on himself, and in the regional campaign offices of the various organizations nothing is emphasized quite so much as reasonableness, good conduct, clean clothes, and short (well, relatively short) hair. "We want to get across as a functional, viable organization," said one of the organizers of the Movement for a New Congress. "We want to present ourselves as within the system, to be professional, and to sell the general public on the idea that kids want to stay in the system."

Between the lines there is a tone of apology and, mixed with it, the desire to be regarded as safe and effective. Whatever idealism—even passion—characterized the Kennedy and McCarthy campaigns of two years ago has largely been replaced by a commitment to technical and tactical competence. At the headquarters of the Movement for a New Congress, in Princeton, New Jersey—located, appropriately enough, in the basement of an old university science building—"research" on the records and "marginality" (chances of election or defeat) of Congressional candidates is processed through a computer, the mimeograph machines run off low-keyed organizational statements and campaign reports, not calls to the barricades, and the walls are covered by maps of Con-

> *Our society must change radically, but it cannot change meaningfully unless its* people *change. To make them puppets of a different order, as many so-called radicals are prone to desire, is to betray both them and the radical ideal. We must try to radicalize the American people as so many of us have been recently radicalized—not by pushing them up against the wall, but by helping them to regain the sense of power over their destiny that should be their birthright.*
>
> THE NEW DEMOCRAT, June 1970.

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gressional districts, not peace posters or political slogans. Invariably, there is more talk about organization, reports, print-outs, and punch cards than about peace, and more concern with responsibility—"tempered idealism" someone called it—than revolution or reform. There are "desks" for the major regions of the country—a Midwest desk, a West Coast desk, a Southern desk—each of them furnishing information and tactical support to several of MNC's thirty-three regional centers. These centers, in turn, will select appropriate local Congressional candidates on the basis of their records and their ability to win, and will help place students in their campaigns. The Movement is not interested in beautiful people who don't have a chance at the polls, but it may, according to one of its officers, "support some candidates whose record on the war is not that good." In places where no strong candidates are available—generally in the South and Midwest—the emphasis will be on "developing issues," registering voters, and planning for 1972.

No one knows how many students were engaged in political activity during the summer. In May, when they—and many of their teachers and many others—came to Washington by the thousands, some Congressmen were stunned, and even hawks such as John Stennis were impressed. So many descended on Senator George McGovern, whose office became a focal point for antiwar activism, that his staff was forced to secure additional space; at the same time Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut was so heavily besieged by the random flow of amateur lobbyists that one of his aides became certain that the organizers had singled out Ribicoff for special pressure. Why, asked the aide, were they going after Ribicoff—who was already on their side? "The kids really shook the system," said Jim Hightower, a leader of the Congressional Committee for a Vote on the War. "The Congressmen just couldn't understand the political implications."

But the system recovered, needless to say, as the antiwar resolutions of the Senate began their way through the Congressional machinery, and many students became frustrated and went home. "The Hill is a very insensitive place," Hightower said. "Congress was never very responsive, and you can't blame the kids for getting discouraged." By July 4, Honor America Day, the number of active students had dwindled to a few thousand, with no more than a few hundred left in Washington; the streets that had been inundated with people from Haverford and Cornell and Wisconsin were taken over by families from Ohio and Pennsylvania who waved American flags and talked about supporting the President. The symbolism may have been misleading, but it nonetheless indicated that the massive assault of May was no more than a beginning. "If you want to find the students now," said Bob Clampitt, who heads an organization called Referendum '70, "you have to go to Europe or to the beaches. They've disappeared."

The disappearance may well be temporary. In mid-July there isn't much to do except plan for the fall, and if some students sat in their newly acquired Washington offices (some of them donated by friendly members of the Establishment) like wallflowers waiting for the telephone to ring, and if most had gone on vacations or had taken summer jobs—when they could find them—there were still a good many lobbying in Congress, and in local districts, on behalf of the Hatfield-McGovern Amendment, the Cooper-Church Amendment, and other Congressional measures designed to accelerate American withdrawal from Southeast Asia; others, moreover, were active in voter registration drives and in scattered Congressional primaries. At the same time, the Movement for a New Congress had collected the names of 15,000 students who said they planned to

do political work in the fall, and some of its members confidently predicted that they would get more when the colleges reopen in September. One member of MNC declared that there will be 20,000 students working in California alone. Altogether, MNC will try to concentrate on fifty or sixty key Congressional races; seventeen colleges now have changed their academic calendars to schedule a recess in the two weeks before the election, but there will undoubtedly be thousands of students on other campuses taking time off to campaign.

A major part of the political activities of students and university teachers is being coordinated through the National Coalition for a Responsible Congress, a body representing five of the largest university-based organizations and headed by Professor David Barber of Yale. The Coalition plans to launch an extensive recruiting campaign in September and to organize local coordinating bodies in an attempt to eliminate confusion, reduce competition among various organizations for volunteers, and allocate resources efficiently. It will also attempt to coordinate the activities of its member organizations with those groups from the professions, business, and labor that are working in peace politics. "We hope," said Barber, "that no one will get on a platform in September without talking against the war. From October on, the major effort will be in Congressional campaigns, but in September we will do some massive recruiting and make noise."

So far there have been few stunning victories, but the new organizations can claim at least an impact. In a highly publicized Congressional primary in New Jersey, Lewis Kaden, a dovish challenger supported by hundreds of local students, was trounced by incumbent Representative Edward Patten. But the failure appeared to be tactical rather than personal. In the rush to get them to work, the Kaden staff had sent them into Patten strongholds. On election day Kaden got more than the number of votes that his people believed necessary for victory. But Patten received—unexpectedly—the votes of several thousand people who had come to the polls only because Kaden's kids came calling.

Nonetheless, the results have not

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been discouraging. The May uprising itself might have helped to force the administration to honor its own timetable in Cambodia, to withdraw troops by the June 30 deadline, and to regard any other ideas about escalation in Vietnam with greater suspicion. MNC, moreover, claims that student efforts were at least partially responsible for the primary victories of Herman Badillo, Bella Abzug, and Ogden Reid in New York, and Ron Dellums in California, and for near misses in other districts. Patten himself and John Rooney of New York became supporters of a House resolution to cut off funds for military activities in Cambodia after the students had gone to work against them in the primaries, and there is considerable evidence that student pressure (or persuasion) has changed a number of minds in Washington. Senators Spong of Virginia and Hollins of South Carolina were apparently persuaded by students from their respective states to support Hatfield-McGovern. "The backlash against students was produced by the moratorium," McGovern said, "and not by those who are lobbying or working in campaigns. In close races they will make a difference. The students might even have helped save Ralph Yarborough (who was defeated in the Texas primary) if they could have been organized early enough."

(The most promising "success," of course, is the eighteen-year-old vote itself. Earlier this spring the President signed into law a Congressional measure lowering the voting age to eighteen, effective next January. Since the Constitution reserves to the states the right to establish the qualifications of voters, the new law may turn out to be more a gesture than a change. But if it is sustained by the courts, its impact will be extensive: It creates a new constituency of some eleven million people, about half of them students, who will represent, on some issues, as much of a bloc as do labor, Negroes, or farmers. The chances of maintaining the draft against that constituency are slim.)

Some of the political activism of the past few months is obviously reminiscent of the McCarthy and Kennedy campaigns of 1968. Mixed with hundreds of new recruits who confess they had never thought about politics before Cambodia began, and with thousands of people who had done no more than run mimeograph machines printing anti-ROTC leaflets, are "veterans" of New Hampshire, Indiana, and Oregon —some of them no more than twenty years old—as well as old hands of twenty-five or twenty-seven who helped organize Washington demonstrations against Vietnam when it was Lyndon Johnson's war and not Richard Nixon's. Some, such as Peter Samuels, a Columbia senior who directed a corps of canvassers for a peace candidate in Brooklyn, are on their fourth or fifth election, even though they have not yet finished college. Occasionally, they sit around campaign offices, like cliché characters in a war movie, dropping names of campaigns and engagements: Chicago, the November moratorium, the October moratorium, Indiana, California, the Columbia strike, the Oregon primary. For the most part, however, they behave simply like old professionals, sorting cards, reporting problems to a campaign manager, and telling the frustrated and the discouraged to put those posters up again and again, even though the opposition is ripping them down.

And yet, for all the surface similarities—the youth of the students, the practice of consigning long-haired freaks to the back room to stuff envelopes, the familiar admonitions not to argue with voters, and to be polite—despite all these things, the differences between 1968 and 1970 are staggering. This year there is no shining knight—no Bobby, no Gene—and rarely even a modest hero. A few candidates in the primaries were personally popular with their student volunteers—George Brown, who ran for the Democratic Senate nomination in California was one, and Philip Hoff, Democratic candidate in Vermont for the U.S. Senate is another—and undoubtedly there will be more this fall. But the sense of mission, the passion, the feeling that something was really happening, that impossible things might just come true—all that is missing. In the primaries of the spring and summer, and in the offices in Washington set up by students to support Congressional peace initiatives, the mood was more dutiful than exuberant, more existential than romantic. Some people speak —as they always do—about giving the system one last chance, but most of them know that those words, too, are nothing but rhetoric. "I figure I'll be doing this again and again," said a junior from the University of Pennsylvania. "Nothing much will change this year or in 1972. But you have to do something."

There are other differences. Mixed with the pragmatism is a pervasive tone of caution. Few people have the opportunity to slay dragons or even to attack them. In 1968, McCarthy's students were dumping Johnson for peace. But Richard Nixon is not running in 1970, and many candidates are reluctant to oppose him directly. As a consequence, students who went to work for peace candidates or the peace issue often discovered that they were not allowed to attack the President nor even to criticize the immorality of the war. Instead, they found themselves discussing the local economy, unsafe streets and crime, and the incumbent's alleged neglect of his own district. Often they became pork-barrel campaigners. "Of course we oppose the war," said one of the leaders of the National Petition Committee at the University of Rochester, which is raising funds for an antiwar media campaign and collecting signatures urging members of Congress to call for withdrawal from Vietnam.

—Reprinted from SR, January 3, 1959

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"It'll never work. People will go blind looking for the right key."

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"But we decided that we would be more successful by not criticizing the President. Most people support the President; they think he has access to more information than we do."

The most striking difference between 1968 and 1970 is in the students themselves. Among the leaders of the organizations, if not among those who work in the field, the technicians have replaced the idealists, and moderation is the only passion. "Emotionalism is out," said a staff member of the National Petition Committee. "Peace has been put on a corporate—a business—basis." It was all systematic, organized and coordinated by people who knew what they were doing. He followed that declaration with an extensive "economic" explanation of the politics of peace: Student concern with the war, he said, was based not so much on moral grounds as on personal aversion to the draft; people simply did not want to fight in Vietnam. At the same time, abolition of the draft would make the maintenance of a large volunteer army so expensive that the nation would be reluctant ever to commit itself to another Vietnam, and peace would therefore become a sort of financial imperative. (If one is twenty or twenty-two one cannot remember John Foster Dulles, the theory of massive retaliation, and the strategy of more bang for the buck.) What was most revealing about the statement, however, was its implicit belief, which many of the new activists share, that somehow the political system can slowly be influenced—or subtly manipulated—in the cause of peace and social justice, that peace, in the long run, can be made politically functional. Most of them tend to be recruits from the moderate center of undergraduates who are now trying to prove that things can be achieved by their methods, which, in the final analysis, are the methods of the system. They believe they can co-opt the political machinery without being too much co-opted in return.

The older leaders of the moratorium, some of them now associated with Project Pursestrings (supporting Hatfield-McGovern) or the Congressional Committee for a Vote on the War, aren't so certain. They have been through peace campaigns before, have organized demonstrations, collected signatures, raised funds, and been Maced on the streets, and they are doubtful that anything will work. Before the 1968 convention in Chicago, *they* had tried the system, too. Many of them now talk about abandoning the Movement, joining a commune, or leaving the country. The fashionable radicalism of the past few months has not been political but personal: It focused on reforming your own life—which might mean running a free school or growing organic vegetables in Vermont—and not trying to reshape the world. A good many feel that little can be done in politics, that violence won't work, but that nothing much else is possible either. "The whole effort of this summer," said Steve Cohen, who left Yale Law School last spring to work for Pursestrings, "succeeded in forcing Nixon to accelerate his timetable by a few months. If Nixon started back into Cambodia, the outcry would be tremendous. But if he doesn't, he can drag things on until 1972."

"Open your mouth, Judge, and say 'contempt of court.'"

Those who stay will—with certain exceptions—be moderates. The SDS and the crazies have gone into other activities, or gone underground, or simply disappeared under the avalanche of conservative volunteers. Eventually they may be back, especially as the tedium of conventional politics sets in. Many other students (if not most), moreover, do not regard the war as the central issue, but merely as a symbol. The strikes of last May petered out with the end of the semester, or were diverted to the political activities of peace, but the feelings and issues they reflected extended far beyond Vietnam: Political repression, the Panthers, women's liberation, corporate power, and what students regarded as official attacks on themselves were at least significant. The whole issue of divergent cultures was involved, and it is unlikely that the confrontations of the spring or the movements of the summer have resolved it. More likely, they simply postponed it.

In the meantime, however—and it may be a short time—the voice, the tone, and the style of the Movement are moderate. The students, often working with younger college faculty members, and frequently under their direction, were trying hard to prove that they were for peace, but not for the politics of confrontation. Real radicalism, wrote Paul Wachtel, a member of the staff at New York University, in the journal *The New Democrat*, was persuasion, not up against the wall:

> In most of the meetings I attended (last May) it was recognized that a merely symbolic action, such as a strike of brief duration, would be worse than nothing; to take such an ineffectual course would merely have confirmed the feeling that we could not influence events and would ultimately have provided more sand for us to stick our heads into. . . . The image of radicalism today is dominated by the nihilistic radicalism of despair. The radicalism I am describing is one of hope. We are no more prone to shout "Right on" than we used to be, and though we find little that is kosher in the present actions of police or administration, we don't often concretize that feeling in barnyard terminology. For our aim is not to polarize but to lead and unite.

And yet the desire also illustrates the dilemma. It was patently clear this summer—and will be more clear in the fall—that the students who are now active are working not only for peace but for self-rehabilitation. Although organizations such as MNC sometimes deny it, there is mounting national hostility against young people and

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Festival of Freedom

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest editorial is by Pulitzer Prize-winning poet and author Archibald MacLeish, a frequent contributor to SR.*

It isn't often in a man's life or a nation's that the great anniversaries work as the days of remembrance and renewal they are supposed to be. One famous exception was the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, when Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died within a few hours of each other and the country was reborn in love and grief. Another may be the 200th anniversary of the same great event. Not that we will be brought back to our beginnings as dramatically in 1976 as we were in 1826 but that our situation in the Seventies will be more critical than it has ever been and our need of reassurance greater. The American bicentennial will meet the American people head-on in their moment of most agonizing doubt about themselves, about their country, and about the Earth mankind inhabits. If that collision of heroic past and apprehensive present can be directed inward toward the American consciousness, toward the American mind, 1976 may be a famous year.

Unhappily, there is little indication as yet that anything of the kind is contemplated. The only proposal now before the country is the report of the official Commission on the Bicentennial of the American Revolution, which recommends that the second American century should end, and the third begin, with a year-long, country-wide "Festival of Freedom" complete with expositions in Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and Miami. Festival of Freedom is a fine, fluent, alliterative phrase that will embellish brochures and tickets of admission, but it is hardly calculated to speak to the heart at this particular American moment. A festival, as every dictionary knows, is "an occasion for feasting and celebration," and the one thing we are unanimously agreed on in this country as the decade of the Seventies opens is precisely that we see no occasion for feasting and celebration ahead.

And particularly no occasion for feasting and celebration in freedom's name. We have been hearing some troublesome things about freedom over the past few years. Observers of the Congress tell us that the American Bill of Rights, if it were presented as new legislation today, would be resoundingly defeated in that body by the present "conservative" bloc, and as we recall the virulent attacks on Chief Justice Warren and his colleagues on the Supreme Court for respecting and enforcing the provisions of the Bill of Rights, we are inclined to credit the statement. Belief in freedom seems to be decaying. We have just been informed of the pronouncement of a grand jury in the state of Mississippi that youngsters who protest, and youngsters who are around when protests are taking place, should expect to be shot by state troopers. And we are still puzzling over the no-knock, break-and-enter law recently passed by the Congress, under pressure from the Attorney General, which permits the District of Columbia police to force a Washington door without so much as a tap on the glass. Even Hitler's SS used to knock.

So the proposed Festival of Freedom leaves us rather cold. To feast in freedom's name we need victories for freedom, not defeats—and, least of all, surrenderers.

But what, then, can our bicentennial be? Given the facts of our situation in the Seventies, bogged down in that slough of despond in Southeast Asia, with a dehumanized, deteriorating life at home and our hearts heavy with unanswered questions, what shall we celebrate?

If we are fortunate, we will celebrate precisely those unanswered questions, for our greatest strength as a people lies in the fact that such questions are now asked. Instead of despairing as we well might do under the sudden discovery—for it is a sudden discovery as changes in human understanding go—that our old belief in the unfailing bounty of nature is a delusion, and our old faith in the unlimited possibilities of "progress" a fraud, and our old confidence in our commitment to human freedom a deception—instead of despairing of all this, we have faced the frightening realities and kept our heads. Better than that, we have placed the blame where it belongs: We have accepted it for ourselves.

It is we who are to blame for the death of Lake Erie, for the filth over Los Angeles and New York, for the near collapse of our transportation system, for the disillusionment of our children, for the anger of the blacks, for the decay of those qualities of mind and spirit that made New England what it was in Emerson's time and American poetry what it became with Frost and Eliot. It is we who are to blame for the collapse of American foreign policy after the triumph of the Marshall Plan and for the decay of the cities and for the death of Martin Luther King.

The bicentennial that lies before us must recognize all this. A people that can face itself in the dark mirror of a time like ours is a great people which deserves to be greatly represented. It is capable of mastering its destiny. But to master destiny is to *act*, and the American bicentennial should be framed in action, not a backward-looking self-congratulation on a past we have ourselves betrayed, but a new beginning, a second struggle to achieve that noblest and most difficult of all human dreams. If people and government, government and people, will launch themselves on that vast labor in the bicentennial year, there may *be* festivals . . . to follow.

—ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

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Letters to the Editor

Everyone's Fate

DR. CARL BINGER'S "Living High on Wit, Wisdom, and Love" [*SR*, July 25] is perhaps the best yet in the "What I Have Learned" series. The doctor has come to realize that the pursuit of learning is itself man's happiest task, its course continuous from the first glimmer of awareness to the last. He has sensed that everyone's fate is in part determined by factors outside his control, called luck or chance, and he counts himself highly blessed with good fortune.

Calvin may be remembered as deeply impressed with this luck factor, none ever being allowed to choose either whose genes to inherit or the womb or nest in which to do his growing. Although recognizing chance, Binger says, "it plays less of a role in our fate than our private wishes do." I strongly suspect that the good doctor would be doing all mankind a most distinguished service, which all would notice, if he would just simply tell us what it is—outside of genes and environment—that gives origin to our private wishes.

If envy didn't hurt, vast numbers of us might indulge in self-pity, comparing our lucks with Binger's. Or would we then need psychiatric help? Or had we better sense, as Emerson did, that luck is distributed helter-skelter, it being within our capacity to realize that the greater challenge of worse luck balances the lack of the better? Don't you think Calvin sensed this?

NELSON MORRIS, M.D.,
Toledo, O.

I VOTE a one-ton pickle, floating in brine, to Paul Brown [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Aug. 8], who would begrudge the exquisite savor of life to Dr. Binger.

ANDREW E. SVENSON,
East Orange, N.J.

Modern Man

I WISH to commend *SR* for republishing the bulk of N.C.'s editorial "Modern Man Is Obsolete" [*SR*, Aug. 1]. You have performed a great service in publishing this article. Nothing could be more pertinent to our situation today. It is a pity that it cannot appear on the front page of every daily newspaper. Particularly important are two statements: "the greatest obsolescence of all in the Atomic Age is national sovereignty," and "Man . . . can take the step from competitive man to cooperative man."

HERBERT E. STEINGASS,
Chesterton, O.

HIROSHIMA DAY 1970 has passed. Pictures of the horrible destruction of 1945 were shown on the major news programs. People were shown with cuts, bruises, and with parts of their bodies missing, and, most distressing of all, one could see the look of horror, fear, pain, and despair in the eyes of old and young alike.

On these same news programs in 1970 pictures were shown of wars that continue to rage, information was presented on nuclear weapons that continue to be made and on nations that continue to be polarized.

What does Hiroshima Day 1995 hold in store for us? This day may never arrive if the nations of this world do not make a greater effort, possibly through the United Nations, to work together sincerely for the good of mankind rather than for the good of a particular country. The United Nations may hold the key to world peace. In the past this organization has not been utilized to the greatest benefit of those nations which it supposedly represents. I hope this potentially great organization will not remain idle in the settlement of major problems. In the end an organization of this type may be our only hope for survival in the age of nuclear weapons.

Hopefully, in 1995, Hiroshima Day will be hailed as the stimulus which brought about peace; man will love, or at least tolerate, his neighbor; there will be no need for nuclear weapons; and the United Nations will truly represent united nations.

HELEN CROMWELL,
Austin, Tex.

IF MEN WERE to begin working together, perhaps we would find ourselves in a world free of war, hunger, disease, poverty, and pollution. It would be a world where every man's right to life and development of his capacity is respected.

However, I fear that just as N.C.'s words of warning twenty-five years ago have gone unheeded thus far, man's inhumanity to himself and nature will continue. We have made no effort to bring man together; we insist on emphasizing our differences rather than our similarities. Unfortunately, I foresee life twenty-five years from now as a bitter, impersonal struggle to survive in the face of endless wars, overpopulation, and rebellions of the disaffected.

If we decide before it is too late that the preservation of man and a quality environment are worthwhile goals, we will have to begin by disavowing short-term personal or national objectives in favor of long-range purposes that will foster worldwide trust and understanding.

MRS. JACK JACOBS,
Austin, Tex.

Relocated

RE: YOUR LITERARY I.Q. of August 8: Isabel Archer was most certainly an ambassador of sorts, but she is the major character in Henry James's *Portrait of a Lady*, not *The Ambassadors* as indicated.

MRS. BRUCE L. KELLEY,
Holcomb, N.Y.

"It's always something—my American foster parents are getting a divorce."

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Contrasts—Good and Bad

LEE, MASS. THERE JUST have to be—by the law of averages—misses as well as hits in any long-running festival. The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, directed by Ted Shawn and John Christian, is no exception. The sixth and seventh programs in this year's ten-week season provided a case in point. Much was first-rate, but there were items that pulled down Jacob's Pillow standards.

First, and perhaps of minor importance, was the fact that both programs were much too long. Mr. Shawn, when he was executive, as well as artistic, director, was merciless—and thereby merciful to the audience—in editing an overlong program to an agreeable length. Mr. Christian, now the executive, has been more lenient with the performers, who are by nature so generous that they'd dance all night.

Under both Shawn and Christian, the Pillow always has endeavored to balance performances of established stars with what they hope are promising newcomers. Very often the guesses work out, but not always. On the sixth week, they took a chance on Lonny Joseph Gordon, who is heading the modern dance department for the first time this summer at the festival's associated University of the Dance, and they missed by a mile—by several miles. On the seventh week, they booked young Luis Rivera, a Spanish dancer who has just formed his own group after having performed in the Ximenez-Vargas Ballet Español, with José Molina and with Maria Alba, and they won this gamble triumphantly.

Rivera is not only a splendid technician, but a personable and tasteful performer. His opening suite in traditional Spanish style—Fandango, Alegrias, Caracoles, Soleares—was brilliantly danced by himself and two enchanting and gifted young ladies, Marta Castillo and Moraima Muñoz. His numbers also included the world premiere of *Cerebrum* (dedicated to Ted Shawn), a trio, choreographed in semi-modern dance style. It is not very well organized choreographically, but the three get A-plus for moving superbly. Nino Garcia (pianist), Emilio Prados (guitarist), and Domingo Alvarado (singer) were the expert accompanists.

There is no point in dwelling on Mr. Gordon's two contributions for the sixth-week program. He has just returned from an extended period in Japan, so perhaps it was natural that he should call one of his endless items *Tama-Furi, Tama-Shizume,* and, because he fancies himself as "with it," the other work was titled *Phrases, Fields-Breath Groups, Kanda, 6 P.M.* For the credits, he listed himself as responsible for choreography/kinesthetics, ridiculously pretentious. Other examples of juvenile tastelessness were walking up and down the aisles of the theater shaking hands with those trapped in aisle seats, and doing one of his numbers in multi-media form, which turned out to be pretty much ego-media, since he moved against an array of photo projections of himself.

–Jack Mitchell

Lisa Bradley—"superb."

Elsewhere on the two programs were a variety of artists and presentations worthy of applause. True, the seventeen-year-old phenomenon Joyce Cuoco is not yet an artist, but she is electrifying [WORLD OF DANCE, March 2, 1968]. She is also carefully schooled and highly musical. However, she relies on tricks—batches of four and five pirouettes in the middle of the thirty-two *fouettés* in the "Black Swan" *pas de deux* and balancing on *pointe* long enough to eat lunch. She is spectacular, but when she did "Black Swan" you were aware that she didn't know she was supposed to be the evil Odile, and in a Bournonville *pas de deux* (Tyrolean), neatly done, you could be sure that she had had little exposure to Bournonville style.

–Gwen Rogoff

Bhaskar—"Of all East Indian dancers he is the most virtuosic."

Miss Cuoco, ably supported by Bill Martin-Viscount in both duets, should be doing specialty numbers, perhaps drum-majorette-type drill pieces staged just for her. She is not yet a ballerina—in vaudeville days, she would have been described as a "class act" toe dancer.

The ethnic dance star on the sixth bill was the dazzling Bhaskar, and his company, from India. Of all East Indian male dancers, he is the most virtuosic, the most theatrical. His *Dance of the King Cobra* is both a muscular tour de force and an experience in hypnotism; yet he can be lyrical and romantic, too. His supporting dancers are very good indeed (Bihari Sharma's Manipuri drum dance is fascinating) and the costumes sumptuous.

The First Chamber Dance Company (once the First Chamber Dance Quartet, which swelled to five members) has recently undergone changes in its personnel. Lisa Bradley and Michael Uthoff, former principals of the City Center Joffrey Ballet, are newcomers, and they are both superb additions to this imaginative and versatile little company. On the seventh Pillow program, they were enchanting, especially in Uthoff's dreamy *pas de deux, Windsong,* to music of Elgar. The company also offered *Recollection of an Age* (music of François-Adrien Boieldieu), an agreeable ballet in classical style choreographed by the troupe's director and danced by him, Bradley and Uthoff (Mr. and Mrs.), and Bonnie Mathis.

Later, the dancers offered one of Anna Sokolow's testaments to the hopelessness of it all, *Where . . . To* (Tadeusz Baird); a dance suggested by paintings of Edvard Munch (Brahms); and Antony Tudor's celebrated comedy *The Judgment of Paris,* a satire in which Paris is an inebriated *roué,* and the goddesses, three aging, bored, and weary nightclub dancers. The Misses Bradley, Mathis, and Marjorie Mussman were a little too young for their parts—Miss Mathis was the best—but they made a good stab at it while not obliterating memories of a former master cast: Lucia Chase, Agnes de Mille, Maria Karnilova.

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Der Fuehrer Dead Center

by WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

INSIDE THE THIRD REICH

by Albert Speer, translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston

Macmillan, 596 pp., $12.50

THE FACE OF THE THIRD REICH

by Joachim C. Fest, translated from the German by Michael Bullock

Pantheon, 402 pp., $10

Like various dethroned tyrants and vanquished chieftains at leisure, Napoleon had time on St. Helena to dictate four volumes of conversations to Count Las Cases; Kaiser Wilhelm II to compose some very tedious memoirs at Doorn; Leon Trotsky to write a masterpiece of memory in Turkish exile. But what if Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, and such others of the Nazi inner circle as Ribbentrop and party philosopher Rosenberg had survived the debacle of 1945 and sat down to write theirs? The mind boggles at the thought of the outpouring of rant and cant and bad German, headed perhaps by a second installment of *Mein Kampf*. Fortunately, self-immolation and the hangman's noose spared us their *Gesammelte Schriften*.

On the other hand, such reminiscences as we have had over the years from survivors near the late throne have been second-drawer stuff indeed. One recalls, or perhaps need not recall, the self-serving and mendacious recollections of Franz von Papen and Hjalmar Schacht (who recollected that they never had much use for Hitler, really), and there have been mildly titillating bits about Hitler's domestic life and table talk by lesser hangers-on ranging from Putzi Hanfstaengl (B.A. Harvard, 1912) to his body servants. As to what actually went on at the Berlin summit and in Hitler's mountain and field retreats, we have had to rely largely on Nuremberg war-crimes trial testimony by those in the dock—mostly guarded and self-protective, naturally—and on mines of captured documents, vast, cold, and often fractured. Of the intimate survivors, Hitler's deputy party chief Rudolf Hess, still sitting out his life sentence alone in Spandau prison, might yet have a story to tell—but he has been out of his mind this past quarter-century. Never has a chronicle of monstrosity receded so fast into oblivion.

Until 1966 there remained, however, one other war-crimes convict in Spandau who did use his twenty-year sentence to unique advantage, composing, often in secret, and smuggling out in drafts, the immense retrospective manuscript that now appears as Albert Speer's memoirs. It is an astonishing performance of seemingly total recall that spares no one, not even ex-Nazi Minister Speer himself. The Fuehrer is there at the center, seen more intimately in moments of privacy, euphoria, dementia than other men were privileged to see, and surrounded by the whole cast of his court, with their power struggles, chicaneries, venalities, and vulgarities. Add to this in Speer an inborn literacy and wit uncommon among Nazis, and an accomplished air of seeming to write as the privileged observer of a madhouse rather than as one of its inmates, and you have a unique and devastating work that makes one thankful that the hangman spared Speer.

Without doubt, his memoirs will go down as a classic of German revelation as well as of self-rehabilitation—the

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE, historian and long a student of German affairs, is at work on a chronicle of Berlin in our century and its famous and infamous personalities.

SR: BOOKS

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imprisoned author (the only man at Nuremberg who voiced any sense of guilt) working his way back to grace by his candor and admission of *mea culpa*, even *maxima culpa*. Having purged himself of taint, his self-evaluation is very high. Before accepting it quite at his own measure, though, one might do well to glance at another German study of the epoch that has recently appeared here, Joachim C. Fest's *The Face of the Third Reich*, in which Speer comes off as the man on the fence, the great evader, the one who had the sense to see but wouldn't look.

Fest, a Berlin-reared journalist, was only nineteen when the Thousand-Year Reich collapsed around him, at which point he was an army recruit caught in a prisoner-of-war stockade. So his book, cast in the form of a portrait gallery of all the Nazi chieftains, is the work of a historian, not of a firsthand witness. Yet the two books complement each other remarkably and agree on many points, such as the utter grossness and corruption of Hitler's court, though they don't agree on Speer.

Who and what were Albert Speer actually? He was several personalities rolled into one and split. A highly educated, upper-middle-class aspirant in the field of architecture—a background that set him apart from Hitler's roistering, lower-class comrades of early days—he attracted the Fuehrer's attention soon after the Nazi assumption of power by some minor rebuilding jobs he had done on party structures, and within hardly a year found himself raised to the prestigious post of the Fuehrer's chief architect-in-waiting—for Hitler, a would-be artist and architect *manqué* himself, was already seized with great building plans. Soon Speer, still in his twenties, became Hitler's master-designer of huge stadia, outdoor spectacles, party theatricals—a kind of super Max Reinhardt of the Third Reich. More than that, Speer was commissioned to replan all of central Berlin with the object of making it the most stunning and gargantuan city of the world.

Then came the war, and, while going ahead with his plans for a Greater Berlin (to be renamed, Hitler thought, "Germania"), Speer's precocious talents had to be diverted to help winning the war so as to make "Germania" possible. He had already showed himself to be a first-class organizer and engineer; now he was called in to be, successively, chief of transport, head of air-shelter and defense construction, then of all munitions and armaments production, and finally virtual dictator of the Reich's economy. In each step upward he replaced bureaucrats and party favorites who had failed—none more so than obese Hermann Goering, who had botched Germany's Four-Year Plan for military-economic growth. Speer was the driver who accomplished the feat of steadily raising German war production to new heights up to a mid-1944 peak, despite increasing devastation by Allied bombing (and thus putting some kinks into the doctrine of total knockout from the air). So brilliant was his management of the war economy (Hitler himself had only the haziest notions of how to run it) that it has been said that Albert Speer himself in effect prolonged Germany's war by two years—a war about which he had growing doubts.

One basis for Speer's success was his use of large masses of forced foreign labor—the charge for which he was convicted. He regretted at Nuremberg that he had not looked into the moral implications of this and that he had preferred not to hear about concentration camps. He accepted responsibility but reminded the judges that he had been, after all, a technician.

Hitler thought him just about the smartest man near him—which Speer was—and bestowed upon him every sign of personal favor short of the intimate *Du*. It was only when Hitler amid his armies' final rout decreed a "scorched earth" policy designed to leave overrun Germany a wasteland to its conquerors that Speer came to realize that his master was a suicidal madman and tried to circumvent his edicts. He managed to put confidential stop-orders on ukases to blow up what was left of German factories and utilities. In July 1944 Speer had stood apart from the abortive generals' revolt, but nine months later he was busy plotting an attempt to kill Hitler by having him suffocated in the Chancellery bomb shelter, which was abortive too.

If Speer's story has coherence, it is perhaps in *Hamlet* terms—the man of intelligence and sensibility unable to act in time against evil. It is certainly one of reactions belated and ineffectual by one in a position to act. Why did this cultivated product of the Rhineland—who knew a Nazi gangster when he saw one—become Hitler's toady in the first place, and then stay so almost to the end?

Historian Joachim Fest, seeking to anatomize and categorize ranking Nazis, differentiates between two basic types. He proceeds from the idea that Nazism was fundamentally a movement bent less on remedying past wrongs, real or supposed, than on creating in Germany a "new type of man," masterful, relentless, contemptuous of traditional morality and lesser folk. Some men were "born" to this species—the adventurers, street-fighters, *condottieri* like Goering, lusting only for power and loot with never a thought for ideology. On the other hand, there

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

POETS' POETS

The poets in Column 3 wrote these verses mentioning the poets listed in Column 2. Rose V. Reyes of Torreón, Mexico, thinks you should be able to fill in the blanks; those who can also assign the right authors deserve a bonus. For the answers, see page 32.

A. Ah, did you once see ( ) plain . . . ? [ ]
B. What needs my ( ) for his honored bones . . . ? [ ]
C. ( )! Thou shouldst be living at this hour; England hath need of thee! [ ]
D. The isles of Greece! . . . / Where burning ( ) loved and sung [ ]
E. Earth, receive an honored guest; ( ) is laid to rest [ ]
F. ( ) in Weimar sleeps, and Greece
G. Long since saw ( )'s struggle cease [ ]
H. I thought once how ( ) had sung Of the sweet years [ ]
I. How delightful to meet Mr. ( ) With his features of clerical cut [ ]
J. There comes ( ) with his raven like Barnaby Rudge [ ]

1. Byron	a. M. Arnold
2. Eliot	b. Auden
3. Goethe	c. E. B. Browning
4. Milton	d. R. Browning
5. Poe	e. Byron
6. Sappho	
7. Shakespeare	f. T. S. Eliot
8. Shelley	g. J. R. Lowell
9. Theocritus	h. Milton
10. William Yeats	i. Wordsworth

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were those who "became" Nazis—footloose ideologues and assorted racists and malcontents like Goebbels, fired with some zeal for reform and seeking a power base. To shoot and seize was the aim of a Goering ("I didn't join the party because of any ideological nonsense"); to purge—if you will, to cleanse—that of a Goebbels, a radical against the Weimar Establishment. Between the two polarities there was bound to be, and was, conflict. But somewhere else stood Speer, the man simultaneously in the middle and off on his own side. Could it then be said that he was a special kind of Nazi, or maybe not quite a Nazi after all?

Although certainly not alone, he was the embodiment of an extra dimension of Nazism, and one might say a fatal one—the genteel collaborationist. Speer was the exemplar of the culture that might well have been non-Nazi but fell prey nonetheless. In a general sense, he is the symbol of a German upper middle class betrayed by its own education or, rather, miseducation. It had been taught that life and politics were things apart, that the latter was fundamentally base and that the truly civilized man —especially the artist, the professional, the Ph.D.—should be "above it." (Even Thomas Mann, no friend of the Nazis, but a late awakener, too, wrote with pride that he was *unpolitisch.*) Also prizing himself as "objective," Speer couldn't get the Aristotelian point that man (including Speer) is a political animal. At the time when he was creating vast stadia for Hitler's storm trooper rallies, he recalls, "Political events did not concern me. My job was simply to provide impressive backdrops for such events."

So "politics" and "art" were unrelated. But this was utter self-delusion. Indeed, there have been few more political artists than Speer, though it took him over a decade near the seat of power to get acquainted with his own role.

Speer's chronicle breaks down naturally into two parts: one about war, the other, peace—Hitler's peace, that is. And, of the two, the peaceable years are the more engrossing and also the more grotesque. They are the tale of a wonder-boy enraptured by a Svengali—in effect, an intellectual's love story, one of infatuation, with only eventual disenchantment. When faced with Hitler and his glittering eye, "I stopped thinking. . . . I utterly immersed myself. . . . I fell completely under his spell." Hitler was both god and serpent: writing as only a German can, Speer emotes that "I sold my soul like Faust to be able to build something great. In Hitler I found my Mephistopheles." (As those who have labored through *Faust* will recall, in the second part Goethe's hero redeems himself by launching vast public works for mankind's betterment. Speer's works, apart from a party stadium at Nuremberg used chiefly as a football field, have not survived).

In the early 1930s young architect Speer thought himself largely inspired by the ancient Greeks. The would-be architect Hitler, however, had grander visions—to outdo Egypt, Babylon, Rome. "I am building for eternity," he exclaimed, and took Speer to his bosom as the one man who could design buildings vast enough for his megalomania, and ask no questions. It does not require a psychiatrist to suggest that Hitler was transferring his own unrealized artistic ambitions to a man young enough to be his son. Speer in turn confessed cryptically at Nuremberg, "I suppose that if Hitler had ever had a friend, I would have been that friend."

Unfortunately for a master-builder, Adolf Hitler's taste was for early Wilhelminian bombast and late Viennese gingerbread—the very nadir of decadent and eclectic design. He despised the new architecture of the Weimar period as "cultural bolshevism," and he had his point, though a confused one. For the Weimar Republic had ardently promoted a radical style of building, bright with glass and plain concrete and *Sachlichkeit* ("no-nonsense") as a symbol of its break with imperial fustian. The work of a Walter Gropius could be called republican architectural propaganda; Hitler turned the Third Reich's architecture into counterpropaganda, of the most prodigious and monstrous sort—a frankly barbaric triumph.

The master ordered, the acolyte obeyed. "I was convinced," says Speer, "that I was on my way to becoming one of the most famous architects of history." His first commission, the party stadium at Nuremberg, could accommodate 400,000 spectators under the shadow of its twenty-four looming towers and majestic colonnades. A guidebook announced that its area was three times that of the pyramid of Cheops. Speer's next assignment, the enlargement of the Reichs Chancellery, led to a Grand Gallery, which was heralded as being twice as long as that at Versailles, and with far more gilt. (Its tapestries and furnishings, this writer can recall, were of an oppressiveness and Wagnerian weight that tended to silence conversation—which perhaps was Hitler's intention.) But far more imposing was the plan for super-Berlin, calling for a *Prachtallee*, or Avenue of Splendor, almost three times the length and twice the width of the Champs Élysées, a neoclassical Arch of Triumph larger than any relic of antiquity, a palace with baths several times the size of Caracalla's, and a Hitler-Baroque Great Hall and Dome so vast that it could well engulf St. Peter's.

All this was conceived years before the Fuehrer went to war, and Hitler spent innumerable hours doting over the sketches and mock-ups he had made with his architect-friend. Speer says of himself that perhaps he should

(*Continued on page* 47)

"Why don't you go outside and play?"

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Fettered and Stunted by Patriarchy

by MURIEL HAYNES

SEXUAL POLITICS, by Kate Millett *(Doubleday, 395 pp., $7.95);* **WOMAN POWER: The Movement for Women's Liberation, by Cellestine Ware** *(Tower, 176 pp., paperback, 95¢);* **WOMEN AND THE LAW, by Leo Kanowitz** *(University of New Mexico Press, 312 pp., $8.95);* **WOMAN'S PLACE, by Cynthia Fuchs Epstein** *(University of California Press, 221 pp., $6.95)*

In 1869, John Stuart Mill pointed out the tenaciously backward nature of resistance to change in the relationship between the sexes. Reason, he noted, counted for little against "feelings . . . the most intense and most deeply rooted of all [being] those which gather round and protect old institutions and customs. . . ." To this moment the egalitarian doctrine equivocates when discussion turns to the female condition. We have ostensibly rejected hierarchy; birth, class, race, even age are in decline as symbols of authority, ever less defensible grounds for defining social roles or prescribing individual possibility. Yet, despite our rhetoric, the democratizing impulse has not seriously shaken belief in male ascendancy.

It will be countered, of course, that, to the contrary, women have made much progress (the very phrase has a lingering suggestion of their assumed inferiority). But this answer seems to me to miss the heart of the matter. That, to put it simply, is the suppression of choice by cultural tyranny. True, since the middle of the nineteenth century women have been granted (or should we say they have wrested?) an increasing measure of mobility. Yet society's view of women remains pessimistic, because it is essentially past-controlled. They are assigned an alternative closed culture of their own, wherein fulfillment becomes endless repetition in obedience to their biological function and its psychosocial legacy.

Women's recent access to education and economic and political participation has not diminished this crippling control to any significant degree. It has taken place without disruption of the patriarchal system, and expediency has always played a conspicuous part in the negotiations. One might say the wardens have enlarged woman's prison yard and equipped it with new recreational facilities; from time to time she has been promoted to trusty with special privileges, even in a few exceptional instances been granted brief parole, but release not yet. A reactionary amalgam of legend, religion, moral and scientific presumption, together with a shrewd devotion to utility, serves to rationalize her situation the while it reinforces male dominance. The conviction of male authority is so deeply imbedded in the present collective consciousness and integrated so cunningly with social norms that it operates almost by blind axiom, even, to be sure, with the consent of the dominated. Sexual inequity functions insidiously, throught habit, as a divine mandate—rather like a religion in its own right.

The liberation movement is naturally, then, an act of heresy, for its members refuse to be bound any longer by the patriarchal faith and are casting aside every scrap of its dogma. The project carries them well beyond the plea for equal rights to a demand for autonomy, responsibility for their own lives as they are reinterpreting themselves. Whatever its schisms in theory or tactics, the movement is united in repudiation of woman's socially determined role in all its forms. Since scarcely a facet of society is not affected by traditional male-female relationships, women's emancipation is our most far-reaching trend for change, simply because it is potentially most subversive of those "old institutions and customs" on which the prevailing culture relies.

To paraphrase Richard Wright's comment about the blacks and the whites, there is no woman problem, only a man problem. This is the argument of Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics*, a scholarly background text for the new feminism written with sharp wit and gusto. It is an impressively informed, controlled polemic against the patriarchal order, launched in dead seriousness and high spirits, the expression of a young radical sensibility, nurtured by intellectual and social developments that could barely be glimpsed even twenty years ago when Simone de Beauvoir published her comprehensive study of female being. Within a somewhat unwieldy structure, *Sexual Politics* is a persuasive synthesis of the interacting elements, historical and socio-cultural with special emphasis on literature, that have kept the uniquely hardy old party we know as patriarchy so long in office.

Picking up on Mill, who saw in the control of the female by the male the prototypal form of organized power, Millett develops her theory of sexual politics in a single long chapter, admirable for its lucid compression of complexities. The concept seems perfectly apposite, inasmuch as patriarchy is a form of government and, like any other, uses every means at its disposal to assert its hegemony. There are teasing, peripheral suggestions, too, of the cant and cynicism, the hypocrisy and false promises we commonly associate with political maneuvers, none of which escape Millett's scrupulous investigation of the superstitious lore that binds women and gives marriage and the family their repressive ambiguities. The ancient tenet that sex difference is of physical origin is central to patriarchy's hold, from it following the distinctions of temperament, role, and status that insure male dominance. The author adduces some new evidence to show that biological determinism is simply "not proven." The data are insufficient; beyond this our cultural prejudice precludes discovery of genuine differences, if such exist—a point documented by the psychologist Naomi Weisstein in her widely reprinted paper *Kinder, Kirche, Küche and Scientific Law*.

What is clear is that children learn to become "men" and "women" with conditioning that starts in infancy and is reinforced by every social experience. Here Millett touches on a provocative topic, expanded later in her discussion of counter-feminist influences: the subservience of the social sciences to patriarchal values. The most consistently rational writing in the liberation movement is by its radical social scientist members exposing this bias. The links between patriarchy and state power, the family, as Millett notes, being the mediating agent, deserve similarly close study. This is outside the range of Millett's overview, although her penetrating chapters on the Russian revisionist program and the crushing of a rising woman's movement in Germany by the Nazis disclose the

MURIEL HAYNES is a critic with a special interest in the theory and writings of the new women's movement.

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mechanisms by which sexual politics are a tool of totalitarian aims.

Women's Lib is still groping for an effectual political strategy, tending at this time, probably naturally enough in its early stages, to overpersonalize its case. In this connection Cellestine Ware's short book, *Woman Power*, is chiefly interesting for its account of the movement's prevailing coolness toward traditional socialist doctrine and the Marxist theory of class, which views women's oppression as a single element in the wider, anti-imperialist struggle. Most groups, fearful of being sidetracked by male-led political movements, stand on their own ultra-radicalism, taking the woman's side on all issues and only borrowing from socialist models when they find them relevant. Yet, with the exception of the abortion issue, they have not yet succeeded in allying themselves with the acute problems of minority and working-class women. Ware, a founding member of a Women's Lib group and the veteran of a factional split, gives a lively tourist-guide view, as an insider, of the organizational struggles and divergences in the movement, with thoughtful comments on a wide sampling of its writings.

Millett describes the period of feminist advance and retreat during the past hundred years as a "sexual revolution" that began with the women's rights movement, entered a period of "counterrevolution" between 1930 and 1960, and is just now beginning its visibly aggressive resurgence. I quarrel a bit with the term, not just because, as she herself acknowledges, it is modishly pat, but because "counterrevolution" seems unsuited to events more accurately evolutionary in their rhythms of progress and reaction. More important, the ready label seems to dispute Millett's larger intention—to picture sexual oppression as a kind of cultural childhood disease, a persistent infantilism that, by her own thesis, awaits cure through transformation of the human personality. Only in the Soviet Union under Lenin was there the total overthrow of sexual institutions that can be truly called revolutionary. These freedoms were later revoked, and the old patriarchal ideology reasserted itself with new vigor, for the USSR "had failed to set up a new psychic structure in its members to replace that of patriarchy."

Millet lets the key spokesmen of the century under survey and their literary counterparts voice their own arguments through generous quotation, then moves in to fling retort; in its zestiest aspect *Sexual Politics* is an exuberant debate in which the author scores most of the points. Her contrast of Ruskin's

(*Continued on page* 28)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

"Pet Cause"

How strange, not to say irresponsible, that Benjamin DeMott should lead off his review of my books [*SR*, Aug. 8] by setting up "apartheid" as one of my "pet minority causes." The passage from which he constructs this charge does not refer to the issues of apartheid, but to the bona fides of the people who were administering that doctrine at the time I visited with them. The passage is from an article I wrote in 1962, which condemned apartheid; about which I have not written since. So much for that "pet cause." For the anfractuous rest, so be it; at least Mr. DeMott took the trouble to read my books seriously, and for that I am grateful.

William F. Buckley, Jr.,
New York, N.Y.

In Mr. Buckley's Corner

Benjamin DeMott writes, " . . . the people [Buckley] considers himself 'above' keep *turning out to be giants. . . .*" Mr. DeMott's voluminous and detailed commentary suggests, however inadvertently, an explanation for this phenomenon over and above the obvious one: Did Buckley, by paying them too much attention, enhance the importance of his "inferiors" and so contribute to their growth?

Cecil Miller,
Manhattan, Kan.

While I do not agree with everything Mr. Buckley says or writes, I feel he has contributed greatly to American political thought and dialogue. If only more people, Mr. DeMott among them, would have less preconceived notions when reading and listening to the dialogue of the day, we might get closer to a period of constructive reasoning, which the country and the world greatly need.

Ronald Davidow,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Benjamin DeMott's political fantasies apparently demand that he diminish those of William Buckley. But a good and lasting put down by DeMott is hard to find.

Claudia Corbett,
Sand Lake, Mich.

I would be willing to forgive Mr. DeMott's cumbersome forty- and fifty-word sentences if they led to logical conclusions about Buckley's philosophy or writing.

Paul A. Zazzaro, Jr.,
Essex, Conn.

DeMott criticizes Buckley for "etiological simplism" yet himself analyzes Buckley's faults as stemming from "frustration," from aspirations to "imperviousness," from the "dailiness" of his job versus his literary desires. DeMott speaks of Buckley's "debater's tricks" and innuendoes, yet himself uses phrases such as "tiger on the 'Firing Line,'" "code words and winks are his darlings," and "class fetishism."

Alvah Whealton, Jr.,
Greensboro, N.C.

In all fairness, can one expect to see a similarly lengthy hatchet job done in *SR* on someone of Arthur Schlesinger's ilk?

Donald J. Frederick,
Washington, D.C.

The Right to Be Right

A review of Noel Stock's *The Life of Ezra Pound* by one A. Alvarez [*SR*, July 18] speaks of Pound's incarceration in an insane asylum. Pound did not say in his broadcasts 1 per cent of what some of our advocates of peace say with complete impunity and immunity today, and not even as much as *SR*'s own editorial pages. Yet this man was locked up in St. Elizabeth's Hospital for twelve years. The moral is, I'm afraid, woe unto the man who speaks against the general fashion of the intellectuals of the day.

Pound's long incarceration in St. Elizabeth's Hospital is not only a black mark upon America but perhaps the disquieting key to many of the so-called liberals in America who will defend the right to be Left, but will prevent the right to be Right, and who impugn the motives, intelligence, and even sanity of anyone who thinks differently.

Arthur Lennig,
Troy, N.Y.

Resolutely Feminine

It was disappointing indeed to see the eminent critic and literary theoretician Robert Scholes dismiss Gail Godwin's first novel, *The Perfectionists* [*SR*, Aug. 8], on the tenuous grounds of "resolute femininity," a charge substantiated by simply noting that the female characters appear more or less sympathetic while the men do not.

Would Flaubert also be described as resolutely feminine because, with the possible exception of the totally factitious Dr. Larivière, none of the male characters of *Madame Bovary* is admirable? Or that evident sympathy if not admiration for Emma is betrayed on almost every page?

Robert W. Artinian,
Charlottesville, Va.

Androgynous

I would like to ask Mr. Scholes why he seems to expect a more sympathetic view of men from Gail Godwin than he does of women from D. H. Lawrence, who appears in the company of Jane Austen in his review (incredible!) to suggest the combined (I should say, rather, androgynous) qualities of the book in question.

Michele Stepto,
Palo Alto, Calif.

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SECOND CHANCE:
Tales of Two Generations

by Louis Auchincloss

Houghton Mifflin, 262 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Brom Weber

■ Louis Auchincloss is an urbane, ironic, and experienced chronicler of the doings of our Anglo-Saxon, genteel wealthy in New York, familiar with their values, their modes of behavior and organization, and the extent to which they encounter and react to phenomena from the world outside their offices, apartments, and suburban estates. The stories in *Second Chance,* Auchincloss tells us on its jacket, have been designed as an exploration of "the identity crisis among the middle-aged and elderly in this city and its suburbs in the immediate present. They are concerned with the bewilderment in people from forty to ninety at finding themselves living in a world in which there is no general agreement not only as to what is a good life, but as to what is an amusing one."

As usual, Auchincloss's fictional reports are interesting as literature, informative as social observation. They illuminate not only the upper strata of Manhattan and Long Island, but also those of Philadelphia, Chicago, and elsewhere, even though details vary. Consequently, the generally negative import of *Second Chance*—that there is little likelihood of one for most of the book's characters—will arouse disquietude in more than a few communities.

The majority of the stories deal with individuals who, after contemplating or launching a new life on the sea of emotional or social possibility, forgo their adventure or conclude it by foundering badly. Defeat occurs most often because of indecision about the propriety or desirability of a new life. The individual then recedes into his habitual pattern despite its inadequacies. Frequently, nonheroic reactions such as lethargy and fear of novelty are concealed behind transparently irrelevant moral excuses.

In several stories, however, a character recognizes quite clearly that a projected change is either meretricious or incapable of realization. These particular fictions reach beyond mere depiction of the travail of a social class that sometimes senses it is obsolescent and corrupt or is accused of being so. In these stories Auchincloss by implication prescribes values and attitudes which, in his judgment, justify the survival of those guided by them.

In both types of story, strangely enough in view of Auchincloss's intention to probe an "identity crisis," there is no intermingling of social classes. Messages of discord or change from without are generally delivered by children or grandchildren rather than by interlopers. When the latter do appear—Jews in "Second Chance" and "Suttee," an Italian immigrant's son in "The Prince and the Pauper"—they turn out to be incorporated members of the Establishment. Furthermore, young family emissaries of alien concepts are not particularly effective champions of the "socialism" and "liberalism" they urge upon their elders. As the tough old grandfather in "The Double Gap" keeps reminding the grandson who has rejected the family law firm's ethos in favor of action "in the ghettos, the slums, the poor rural areas, the starving parts of the world":

> I'm glad that I've made you [financially] independent so you won't be compelled, like your breadwinner friends, to go to work for a firm in whose "mystique" you cannot believe.

Since the problem of identity is not merely psychological but sociological as well, the social insularity of almost all the characters in these stories prevents them from developing a significant segment of whatever identities they possess or might create. Indeed, the relegation to offstage of the social conflict and turmoil so prevalent in our time establishes a dreamlike pall around the characters that hampers any genuine search for their identities.

The fictionist of manners may, if he wishes, flesh out the being and world of a character by concentrating upon personal depth rather than social breadth. Henry James, for example, so complicated and intensified the emotional, physical, and intellectual experience of his characters that in his pages a paralyzed, isolated creature will appear to be electrically charged, connected by hot wires to a myriad invisible yet tangible people, his social existence taking form quite miraculously.

Just that kind of rich creation is to be found in "Black Shylock," the initial and also most successful story in *Second Chance.* Powerfully, dramatically, Auchincloss shows that perversity of spirit raised to high art may produce apocalyptic revelation, yet is essentially socially delusive and personally nonsustaining. This fictional argument against pure negation and for moral responsibility achieves its victory because the central character is permitted to develop his paranoid fantasies without visible restraint on the part of his creator.

There are, of course, other good stories in *Second Chance,* but none achieves the strength and magic pervading "Black Shylock." One admires Auchincloss's delicate wit, firm language, knowledge of contemporary events and catchwords, and admirable distaste for vulgarity and mendacity. Yet all too often he does not put his gifts to full use, seemingly hesitant to risk marring the polish of his fiction by exposing it to unknown strains. In this he may well be one of his own characters, still not aware of the range of his own identity.

The concluding story in this collection, "The Sacrifice," suggests that the end of the search for identity is to be found in a willingness to abandon the search. Judge Platt discovers, to his horror, that he hates the violators of "law and order." Recognizing that hatred, like rudeness and murder, is a human phenomenon, he frees himself of human ties and thus can experience the love inherent in the "peace of God." *Second Chance,* then, appears to be saying that spiritual transcendence is all that remains for its characters.

The answer is much too simple, as simple as the belief that the absence of "general agreement" is a phenomenon of the 1970s. It may well be that the exclusiveness, the naïveté, the com-

FRAZER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1413

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1413 will be found in the next issue.

ZVDYD CH IUZVCIP BUYD VUYYCLXD ZVEI CBEPCIE-ZCUI GCZVUSZ ZEHZD.

—PUDZVD

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1412

No member of a crew is praised for the rugged individuality of his rowing.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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placency, and the inertia of the twentieth-century heirs of the genteel tradition have rendered them irreversibly anachronistic. Perhaps they are fated to vanish wholly. Auchincloss's authority is such that one hesitates to reject his conclusion. He probably has good sociological support for it. Nevertheless, not having plumbed the regenerative powers of his characters sufficiently in these stories, he has not established his conclusion's validity artistically.

Brom Weber, professor of English and American studies at the University of California in Davis, is writing a book about the American novel of the 1960s.

THE RAPE OF TAMAR

by Dan Jacobson

Macmillan, 224 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Sanford Pinsker

■ Dan Jacobson's new novel is less about the rape of a biblical virgin by her brother Amnon than it is about a minor character's attempt to retell the story 3,000 years later. The narrative point of view is that of Yonadab, a person described in *2 Samuel* 13:3 as "a very subtile man." And so he is—particularly where the manipulation of Amnon (and the reader) is concerned. Yonadab is the consummate skeptic, a man who claims that he "lacked the capacity to believe in the worth . . . of anything I myself experienced." Yet there is a touch of the artist about old Yonadab, especially when it comes to the business of justifying what he has already done:

> Call me an artist, if you like. I won't take it as a compliment. Any more than I will take it as an insult if you call me a pathologically malicious busybody who is compelled to make up for his own emotional vacuity by manipulating the passions and lives of others. Either way, I have to see my *oeuvre* completed, given its inevitable, final shape; the shape for which Amnon, Tamar and Absalom are themselves seeking, though it eludes each of them on his own.

Of course, contemporary writers are not the first ones to drag a biblical source through the pages of fiction. But they may well be the most systematic exploiters of the art. With a modern classic like Faulkner's *Absalom, Absalom!*—which also deals, in a way, with the rape of a Tamar—biblical correlatives comment on the tragic situation of the Sutpens, but always from the oblique angle of myth.

However, when a biblical story is simply retold—with costumes, settings, and lines of dialogue lifted from the King James translation—the result is a saccharine vision that makes the heart of Hollywood glad. Add a Cecil B. De Mille, the bare-chested Mr. Heston, a sandal-wearing cast of thousands and, before you can say "Technicolor," another biblical epic has been born. Mr. Jacobson turns such dross into a stylistic tour de force, making our assumptions serve as a kind of backboard against which versions of parody can be bounced:

> In return I can promise you that I shall do my very best to spare you extended descriptions of our exotic style of life: I don't intend to linger over our furniture, our clothes (broad vertical stripes in purple and white were very fashionable in my day, I might mention in passing), our utterly inadequate sewage systems, our weapons, our games, our primitive sacral rites, and all the rest of the ethnographical junk you may be glumly expecting me to inflict upon you. . . .
>
> I will put the matter as baldly as I can, to begin with. Tamar lived in a harem. That is what the women's quarters of David's palace must be called. . . . But I beg you not be to carried away by your memories of Hollywood movies. . . . Put out of your mind those portraits of languid houris lying about in attitudes suggestive of inner heats; forget those eunuchs in baggy silken pants brandishing scimitars outside mysterious, ogee-arched doorways. It wasn't like that. The women's quarters of David's palace were quiet, domestic, respectable.

And, yet, for all Yonadab's good cheer, *The Rape of Tamar* suffers at the hands of its highly reflexive narrator. When Yonadab continually reminds us that the actions of David and Absalom, to say nothing of Amnon and Tamar, are "a foregone conclusion," he (unconsciously?) puts his finger on the novel's trouble spot:

> How can you possibly sympathize with the agony of his vacillation when you have the certainty of knowing what he actually did—and must do again each time the story is told, for as long as it continues to be told?

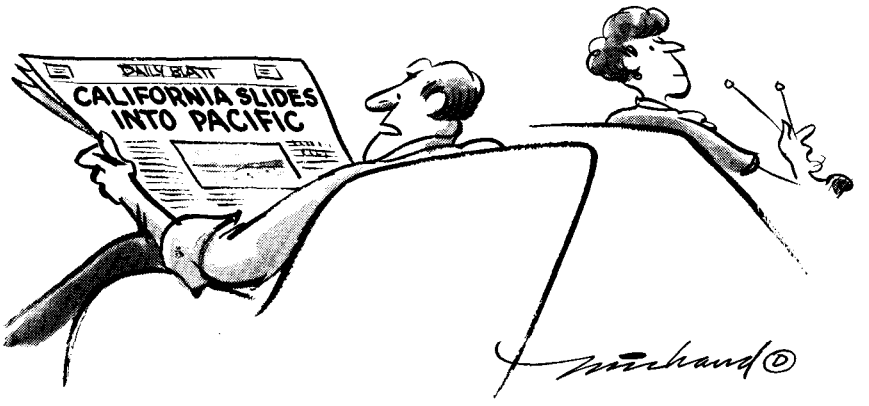
The answer is simple—you can't. Partly for the reasons Yonadab himself supplies but partly also because the emotional responses to Mr. Jacobson's novel are more often manipulated than earned.

In this sense *The Rape of Tamar* is thin stuff, regardless of all the stylistic glitter. Yonadab self-consciously stumbles through his story (you can read the original in *2 Samuel* 13-19), but he hardly discovers enough about Amnon, Tamar, David, Absalom, or himself to make it worthwhile. As Yonadab puts it:

> I am now condemned to be a stage manager to phantoms; an annalist (analyst?) of apparitions; a spook-spokesman. Not a fate I can be entirely serious about.

I suppose Yonadab can be excused for growing rather weary of retelling Tamar's story again and again. However, at least some of the boredom seems to have afflicted Mr. Jacobson as well. His first novel—*The Beginners*—established his reputation as a writer, and deservedly so. With *The Rape of Tamar* Mr. Jacobson joins a chorus line that includes such other practitioners in the "literature of exhaustion" (to use John Barth's term) as Barth himself, Donald Barthelme, and Jorge Luis Borges. But he'll have to learn some new tricks if he plans to stay there.

Sanford Pinsker, an assistant professor of English at Franklin & Marshall College, was named a 1971 Fellow by the National Endowment for the Humanities. His book on American Jewish writers, entitled "The Schlemiel as Metaphor," will be published by Southern Illinois University Press.



"This is going to raise hell with the National League."

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PENTAGON CAPITALISM: The Political Economy of War

by Seymour Melman

McGraw-Hill, 290 pp., $8.50

Reviewed by Sterling W. Clements

■ For those worried about the Pentagon's enormous power over Congress, business, and the American people, I recommend Seymour Melman's concise and well-documented *Pentagon Capitalism*. In it he writes: "The Kennedy administration introduced a major innovation. It formulated the requirement that United States armed forces must be suited for fighting three wars at once: a NATO war, a Southeast Asia war, and a smaller military engagement in Latin America." These war plans created the huge forces of men, matériel, and industrial production that developed during the 1960s. "All this," says Melman, "was paralleled by the organization of the state-management institution in the Department of Defense. The combined effects of these decisions included military priorities, the Vietnam wars program, and general depletion of American society."

The author also of *The Peace Race* and *Our Depleted Society*, Dr. Melman, a professor of industrial engineering at Columbia University, is currently editing a series of articles entitled *Conversion of Industry from a Military to Civilian Economy*. In the nine chapters that comprise *Pentagon Capitalism* he first delineates the steps that created the state-management concept under the stewardship of President Kennedy and his architect of the plan, Robert McNamara. After explaining the growth of the Department of Defense's control over business, research and development in the universities, the means of

production, and other facets of our economy, Professor Melman discloses the effect it has had on the American public, our balance of payments, and the foreign beneficiaries of our aid.

But, in contrast to many other critics of government waste and the Vietnam War, he offers a corrective for the debacle of the past decade. In his memorandum of May 2, 1969, to the U.S. Senate Armed Services Committee, relative to the proposed $81-billion defense budget appropriation for 1970, Professor Melman outlined a reasonable plan to check the waste of taxpayers' dollars and to use funds more prudently for military security forces and the procurement of matériel. This entire proposal is included in the book as Appendix C. General Eisenhower's little-known memorandum of April 27, 1946, containing the words that founded the military-industrial complex, and the text of his Farewell Address to the nation as President on January 17, 1961, in which he warns against the strength of this control center, constitute Appendixes A and B.

Professor Melman draws an important conclusion to his carefully detailed study of the development of the state-management in the Pentagon and its effects on such aspects of our society as education, research and development, health, housing, and our foreign-trade balance. "Since the future of the state-management is not determined by a built-in economic necessity of industrial capitalism," he states, "this leaves the future of the institution as a political issue. The issue is clearly political because the Congress has the key regulatory power by its control over the state-management's capital. Just as the Congress can enlarge the state-management by appropriating more money, the same mechanism could enable the Congress to check or diminish the state-management's power." The groups in American society that support the Pentagon's policies and those who constitute the potential opposition are listed by Professor Melman, along with the reasoning behind each group's attitude.

Despite the incredible $1,000-billion spent on defense since the end of World War II, induced through fear of various "gaps" in our already powerful defense machine, lasting military security in the nuclear era can only be obtained by agreements among nations that these lethal weapons will not be used, and that effective controls will insure the bans. To quote from the final chapter of *Pentagon Capitalism*:

> The very existence of quickly triggered, nuclear-powered antagonists, each prepared to use society-destroying weapons, is the final menace to the existence of the human species. This threat, which encourages antagonistic cooperation among nuclear opponents, is the one military threat that the para-state [Pentagon] systematically omits from its budget-supporting list of "threats."
>
> The para-state, directed by its new class of managers and technologists, both breeds and needs foreign and domestic crises. The direction of massive public funds towards parasitic growth and war-making helps to create and sustain depletion in the value of the dollar; to create inflation; to inflame race relations; to destroy morals; to cause serious deficiencies in civilian technology, education, and health care; to sustain the draft; and to aid in the deterioration of domestic and international observance of lawful behavior.

In a recent *New York Times* article, Harrison Brown, professor of geochemistry and of science and government at the California Institute of Technology, echoes Melman's thoughts:

> In spite of our Founding Fathers' clear intent that the military should be subservient to a civilian government, the Department of Defense has become *de facto* the primary executive body of the Federal Government. It comes close to being the primary legislative body as well. Numerous decisions, which have been made in large measure by men of good will, have narrowed the area within which Congress and the President can effectively maneuver to one which is very small when compared with that which is dominated by the Pentagon—the largest and most generously financed organization ever created by man.

That a ground swell of protest is developing in the business community is evident from the appearance of, among others, the New Mobilization Committee to End the War, Business Executives Move for Vietnam Peace, and the Business Men's Educational Fund. Moreover, in Congress many Senators and Representatives have expressed their concern over the continuing excesses and waste in our defense program. Do we further develop our capacity for overkill through the MIRV and ABM systems? Do we go on believing that America can be defended from nuclear attack? Why have those in charge of our industrial economy not been planning for peace as in 1944-45? Should we continue to let the civilian requirements for a viable society be subordinated to the demands of an organization devoted to the expansion of its own control over business and people? These are a few of the many questions posed by Seymour Melman. For answers he looks to the Congress.

Those who want to know what has been happening to a large portion of the nation's income will find Professor Melman's study disturbing. For those in a position to heed the author's warning, the words of Alcibiades at Sparta in 415 B.C. during the Peloponnesian Wars are apt: "The true lover of his country is not he who consents to lose it unjustly, rather than attack it, but he who longs for it so much that he will go all lengths to recover it."

Sterling W. Clements is currently an investment consultant following thirty-five years in the banking business.

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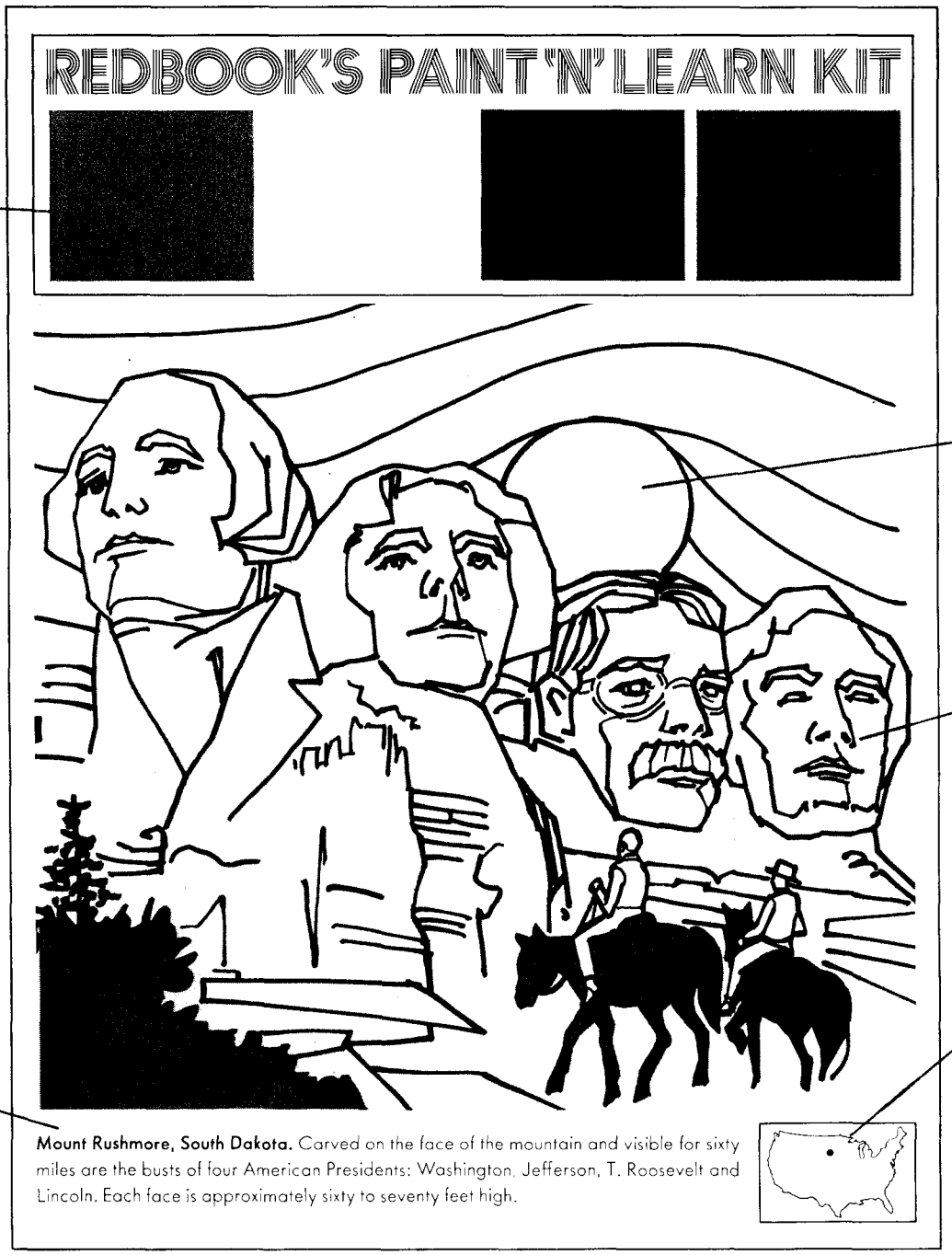
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We have spent millions of dollars to in prove the environmental performance of o refineries and chemical plants, new and old.

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The search for and production of oil l

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EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

Two Grand Prizes

Color winner:

Round-Trip to New Zealand

Black-and-white winner:

Round-Trip to Paris

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 2, 1971, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norman Cousins—Editor, *Saturday Review*.

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America.

Ken Heyman—Photographer, author and world traveler.

Grace M. Mayer—Curator, Edward J. Steichen Archive, Department of Photography, The Museum of Modern Art.

Margaret R. Weiss—Photography Editor, *Saturday Review*.

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is September 15, 1970.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and The McCall Publishing Co., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1969, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.

3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photofinisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only if accompanied by return postage: a minimum of 12 cents, in stamps or coin. **Do not send self-addressed envelopes.**

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than one black-and-white **or** one color picture to this magazine's World Travel Photo Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 15, 1970, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: No more than one picture may be submitted by any one entrant.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offerred for publication in any manner prior to January 2, 1971. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures and the right to use them for promotional purposes.

DEADLINE SEPTEMBER 15, 1970 *Saturday Review* **380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017**

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Criminal Record

Fact

Unless They Kill Me First. *By Vincent ("The Cat") Siciliano. Hawthorn.* $5.95. Here is crime as seen by a man to whom it's been routine for most of his life, on which seven attempts have been made—hence his moniker "The Cat." He even accepts as normal the fact that his father's corpse is found rotting on a golf course—after all, "the old man shouldn't have done what he did." Mr. Siciliano's book is at its most fascinating when it names living names, including the labor boss he claims has been trying to knock him off.

The Crime of Martin Sostre. *By Vincent Copeland. McGraw-Hill.* $5.95. Martin Sostre is currently in a New York State prison, serving a sentence of thirty to forty-one years and thirty days for selling narcotics. The author is convinced—and convinces the reader—that the true crime of Martin Sostre, who ran the Afro-Asian Bookstore in a black section of Buffalo, N.Y., is "the crime of fighting for black liberation." An important book and, as Mr. Copeland openly admits, "a partisan book." It is also a poorly written book.

The Many Sides of George Blake, Esq. *By E. H. Cookridge. Vertex.* $6.95. As a boy, George Blake served with the Dutch Resistance against the Nazis. As a man, and a British citizen, he served with British Secret Service for fifteen years, during nine of which he also worked for Soviet espionage. In 1961, Britain sentenced him to forty-two years in prison. In 1966, he escaped from Wormwood Scrubs Prison, and he is still at large. The very nature of the man must make for a somewhat shadowy portrait. All things considered, Mr. Cookridge, who knew Blake during World War II, has done a fine job of combining memory and research. A second book, *The Springing of George Blake*, by Sean Bourke, who helped the double agent to escape, will be published in September by Viking.

Fiction

Marshmallow Pie. *By Graham Lord. Coward-McCann.* $4.95. British newspaperman is sent on a feature assignment: Drop out, join up, and find out what has happened to the hippy movement. He learns more than he bargained for when he meets "Sergeant Pepper," a guru who claims to have discovered ZQ5, a mind-blowing drug that could produce instant peace in the world. And then the warring white and black agents of an African nation plus some Chinese Communists go after the drug. At the end, when the reporter shows up at the paper with his story, the editor says, "The hippy thing's been pretty well flogged to death." The man has a point, because Mr. Lord's tale of *now* has a certain feel of then—post-Fu Manchu—to it.

Mrs. Munck. *By Ella Leffland. Houghton Mifflin.* $5.95. Mrs. Munck takes Mr. Leary, her late husband's half-paralyzed uncle, into her lonely house. But it is far from an act of charity, for Mrs. Munck has every good reason to want to kill Mr. Leary, and Mr. Leary knows it. Ella Leffland has set up her tale of vengeance beautifully. Unfortunately, she lets it go on so long that somewhere in the middle impatience replaces suspense. Nevertheless, it's still an impressive first novel.

Boomerang. *By Andrew Garve. Harper & Row.* $4.95. Peter Talbot is a young British tycoon whose career will come to an end when the company books are examined, unless. . . . While serving a short prison term for reckless driving, he concocts a master scheme that will make him and his two cellmates wealthy. Andrew Garve, a top pro writing at top form, has produced "an Australian escapade" that is rich in background, beautifully plotted, and taut with suspense. Moreover, its ending is just right.

Best Detective Stories of the Year. *Edited by Allen J. Hubin. Dutton.* $5.95. This is the twenty-fourth annual collection, and the first edited by the new crime critic of *The New York Times*. The sixteen selections offer something for almost everyone, from a ghostly football team to cannibalism.

The Charlotte Armstrong Reader. *By Charlotte Armstrong. Coward-McCann.* $6.95. Three of the late, great lady's best: "The Unsuspected," "A Dream of Poison," "The Turret Room." A bargain indeed.

Ellery Queen's Grand Slam. *Edited by Ellery Queen. World.* $5.95. This is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Queen annual, and it's a whopper with twenty-five stories from the 1969 issues of *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*. Many of the authors are No. 1 names—Georges Simenon, Margery Allingham, and Jean Anouilh, to name a mere three—and the stories reflect the caliber of the writers. **Haskel Frankel**

"Hi. I'm Jonathan. They call me 'l'enfant terrible.'"

Coming September 12

***SR*'s Fall Travel Issue with special ASTA distribution**

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Fettered and Stunted

Continued from page 23

Of Queen's Gardens with Mill's *The Subjection of Women* is hilarious reading or, rather, would be if Ruskin's chivalrous double talk didn't so sadly color attitudes still with us.

With due respect, if little patience, for the aberrations of genius, Millett attacks Freud's enthronement of female passivity, arguing that his division of the human race into the sexual haves and have-nots with the dubious theory of penis envy owes more to his own cultural conditioning than to the rigors of scientific testing. The post-Freudians echoed the master, often vulgarly. Later the functionalists tried to reconcile woman's obligation to her paramount (pro)creativity with her newly acquired title to a slightly longer leash. The notion of woman's anatomical destiny was never wholly abandoned, popping up most recently in Erik Erikson's eulogy to her somatic design with his poeticized extrapolations from the rapturous contemplation of female inner space. The work of these figures is typical of the presumed scientific updating of myth, by which women, to use a favorite movement word, are "programed."

Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics* has none of the detached irony exhibited in Mary Ellman's mischievous study of fiction and criticism, *Thinking About Women*. Ellman finds men's opinions "often bold . . . I mean in their flights beyond embarrassment. . . . I like to watch them bob in and out of books . . . novels, especially. Like those goldfish that go endlessly in and out of grottoes." To Millett's eye they are more like sharks than goldfish, the glint of their teeth mirroring the male urge to devour and conquer. She is tolerant toward Hardy and Meredith, who struggled honestly with the disquieting presence of the "new woman," but when she comes to the sexual politicians (as she calls them) of more recent years—D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller, and Norman Mailer—she sharpens up her harpoon and lets it fly in the retributive justice of sexual literary criticism.

Sexual Politics opens with descriptions of intercourse by Miller, Mailer, and Genet, the last being a mimicry of the heterosexual pattern of "ascendancy and power" by the institutionalized homosexual subculture. "Coitus," she states, "can scarcely be said to take place in a vacuum . . . it is set so deeply within the larger context of human affairs that it serves as a charged microcosm of the attitudes and values to which culture subscribes." Whether woman is treated as victim (Lawrence), whore (Miller), or enemy (Mailer)—categories that are the barest summary of a brilliant dissection of these authors' supremacist neuroses—she is lowly, dangerous, and must be overcome.

Miller denies woman personality; his sexual athleticism is vaunted in the confidential, contemptuous idiom of the men's room. Hailed by male critics as the voice for a "free and happy sensuality," his novels are actually a self-congratulatory paean to those "authoritarian arrangements where male will is given absolute license." Millett's theme doesn't blind her to the far greater artistry of Lawrence; she perceptively explores his works, sensitive to their complexity and his vision of woman as womb-personality, a creature of devitalizing demand, secret darkness, and Oedipal danger. Now by withholding, now by ritualized primitivism, by fraternal alliance, and by phallus worship, he seeks relief for his uncertain manhood in a perpetual sexual hypochondria. The effort sometimes leads him to the edge of absurdity. A quotation from *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, giving Connie's reaction to the sight of Mellors's erect penis ("'So proud!' she murmured, uneasy. 'And so lordly! Now I know why men are so overbearing. But he's lovely, *really*.'"), is surely one of those "flights beyond embarrassment" that today read like pure camp. With Mailer sexual warfare becomes more combatively militaristic; he is, indeed, its General Patton. For all his remarkable insights into male violence, Mailer nonetheless extols it, for he sees it as necessary for the eradication of the feminine component that constantly threatens masculinity. As with Lawrence, he progresses from exaltation of male sexual power to reverence for the oppressive patriarchal state. Lawrence moved from the plane of personal engagement to the racist and fascist obsessions to which in later years he openly paid tribute. Animated by what Millett wittily calls "the jingoism of the sexual patriot," Mailer follows male dominance wherever it beckons; it leads from women to blacks to Orientals.

To some, Millett's selections may seem overwilled and her exegesis overzealous. But cultural values, concealed by convention, are most visible in extremes, a lesson certainly taught by events of the past decade. By demystifying the proclaimed sexual demystifiers, she reveals the degree to which verbal freedom merely becomes another means for exercising male fantasies of force and humiliation. Much contemporary cinema is obviously conceived in this mode. Only in Jean Genet does Millett find the identification of sexual oppression as a social sickness from which recovery is mandatory to free the human spirit. From his early works, ironic and antisocial, Genet moved to the revolutionary consciousness that makes his recent theater a regenerative purgation of the evil of power. Its most corrupting form, he shows us, is sexual hierarchy, which underlies and nourishes all others.

By implication at least, she draws suggestive parallels for women's liberation from Genet's ideas and life experience, especially his insights into the lowly female condition. "His mature plays are studies in what one might call the colonial or feminine mentality of interiorized oppression

which must conquer itself before it can be free." With such awareness of themselves, women must move from the merely rebellious to the revolutionary, joining all who are exploited to achieve a collectivity based on mutual respect. In Genet's *The Screens* "it is the women who make the revolution."

The inability of ameliorative reforms to bring about profound alteration in the social ethic is apparent from Leo Kanowitz's *Women and the Law* and Cynthia Epstein's sociological study of women in the professions, *Woman's Place*. Neither book inquires into women's condition beyond the limited perspective of its special field of interest. Both contain indispensable information that verifies, albeit unconsciously, Millett's analysis. We must be grateful to Professor Kanowitz for the first examination we have of women's unequal treatment at the bar. In case after case, he shows the law continuing to find inspiration in the legend of Adam and Eve, on the one hand, and, on the other, revealing the conviction that social stability requires woman's containment in the home as wife and mother, her individual rights yielded to her unity with the male. This leads to some curious kinks in judicial reasoning. Although considerable redress has been made for the former totally nonperson designation of the married woman, she is still legally discriminated against more than her single sister, or, as Millett more precisely puts it, "those we have termed women without regard to marital status."

Anti-sex discriminatory legislation is beset even now by a 1908 decision intended to prevent women's exploitation by employers, but based on her need of protection as frailer vessel. Woman "looks to her brother and depends on him." As recently as 1950 Justice Frankfurter ruled against women working as bartenders to avoid

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their contamination by the liquor traffic, stating: "The Constitution does not require legislatures to reflect sociological insight, or shifting social standards, any more than it requires them to keep abreast of the latest scientific standards."

Cynthia Epstein worries that "our best women—those in whom society has invested most heavily—underperform, underachieve, and underproduce." One might ask for a translation of the phrase "society has invested most heavily" inasmuch as her book adds up to an indictment of society for its systematic subordination of these women. She limits her inquiry to the fate of the middle-class, educated women who inevitably (she seems surprised by this) "settle to the bottom," and fewer of whom in 1960 than in 1950 entered the professions. The reasons? They lack "motivational models"; their education is sex-directed to female occupations — teaching, social work, pediatrics. The married professional is a victim of "role strain" and problems of "hierarchy in her status set": Is her first obligation to career or to home and family? Society replying firmly it is the latter, she is not supplied with reliable child-care services, not even offered tax relief as incentive to keep up the fight. She is held back from advancement opportunity and salary comparable to men's, plagued every inch of the way by male antagonism. And so on and so on. Professor Kanowitz pins his faith in Constitutional guarantees of due process and equal protection. Epstein diffidently concludes that "women's position in the occupations may be enhanced by the pressures growing throughout society to grant equal opportunity to all."

Can women wait that long? Kate Millett says no in the radical tradition that opposes unreason as crippling to human growth. She is too astute to take comfort in doctrinaire political solutions, those of contemporary liberalism being as inadequate as any others. *Sexual Politics* speaks in the newly emerging voice of the modern temper: self-realization lies in the embrace of process, the constant testing of creeds and social structures for their logic and their spiritually liberating content. Beyond patriarchy we can glimpse a world where the richness of human variety and choice among genuine alternatives will replace confinement by cultural stereotypes and institutions already put in question by the manifest problems and promise of the future. If men can read Kate Millett's book without prejudice, and it won't be easy, they will understand she is offering deliverance for them no less than for women.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Escape to Maui

EVERYONE has his Shangri-la, and mine, until concrete fills its lost valleys and the mynah birds cease to squawk, will be the island of Maui in the Hawaiian archipelago. I am still willing to be seduced by the islands of Hawaii and Kauai and, for that matter, a thousand other tender women, but I fear that the once considerable allure of Oahu, on which the city of Honolulu continues to ulcerate, has faded to a memory.

I flew over to the Island of the Valleys on a sparkling Friday morning with an old friend and fellow rover named Simon Cardew. It helps to have good company on a visit to one of Oahu's Neighbor Islands. Oahu jangles enough for one to tackle it alone, but Maui and the others can sometimes envelop the solo traveler in a veil of peace that may tend to ennui. Cardew, as I think half of Honolulu has learned in the five years since he arrived, is never a bore. This incorrigible Englishman has left a mark on the newspaper, radio, television, public relations, and advertising fields he has skimmed through in Honolulu. Few women of any age can resist, at the least, ruffling his tousled blond crown.

We made the crossing in a Royal Hawaiian Air Service eight-passenger Cessna 402, which doesn't get you there with the whoosh of an Aloha or Hawaiian Air Lines jet but does provide a closer view of the scenery, along with the resultant bumps and grinds. For a slightly higher fare, Royal Hawaiian will detour through the valleys and past the waterfalls of the passenger's choice. Our flight carried a team of geologists intent on observing and photographing the little-known north coast of Molokai, twenty-two miles across the channel from Oahu.

After dipping low over Kalaupapa's leper settlement, which has its own landing strip, we headed up Molokai's north coast toward Maui, hewing so close to the razorback green cliffs that one could almost feel the spatter from dozens of waterfalls raining down from above.

On Maui, Simon and I immediately hopped a ride with all the parents and kids on a reconstructed sugar cane railroad train. Morning to night, it puffs back and forth between the tourist settlement of Kaanapali and the old whaling town of Lahaina six miles down the tracks. The two red coaches with green roofs lurch behind a steam-driven locomotive, patterned after engines that plied Hawaiian tracks toward the end of the last century when the island's plantation economy depended on the pufferbellies.

Lahaina was recoiling in July from an invasion the townsfolk feared would do worse damage than the legendary nineteenth-century appearances of stir-crazy whaling crews. The Hare Krishna kids had arrived, looking far healthier and hairier than their brethren I've encountered on the East Coast. Over on Oahu another group had been forbidden to chant and solicit money in Waikiki (as if a few more freaks in that fabled side show could do any harm). We met Tim Mitchell, chairman of the Lahaina Restoration Foundation, strolling along Front Street, perhaps planning the next move in his personal war to keep Maui straight. He may have preferred to talk about the foundation's ongoing projects, such as the restoration of both the Baldwin Home and the *Carthaginian*, a barkentine built for the movie *Hawaii* and now resting as a whaling museum in Lahaina Harbor. But we bugged him about the Hare Krishna.

"Maui," he said, "has become polarized. We've had our troubles with hippies for a long time. Just pick up the Los Angeles *Free Press* and Berkeley *Barb* and you'll see the message: 'Come to Maui. The vibes are right.' It's gotten so bad that travel agents on the Mainland are telling their customers not to come to Lahaina. Over at Kona on the Big Island they had so much trouble that local vigilantes were being paid off to rout the hippies. On Maui the kids are hanging out mostly on Makena beach, where they have a nude colony going, and up in Paia, where there's a meditation shrine.

"Then comes the Hare Krishna. They camped out in Lahaina under the banyan tree by the harbor and started doing their chanting every day, and I figured that business in town was suffering and the tourists were staying away, so I went to them and pleaded for them to leave. I literally had tears in my eyes. The next morning I looked out and here they were coming up the middle of Front Street making more noise than ever. I don't know what got into me. I mean, I used to consider myself quite liberal. I tore across the street, ran right into them, and tackled the lead kid. Then they all started banging on me with their signs. We still haven't gotten rid of them."

Across on the ocean side of Front street well-tanned young people were lounging on a rickety, picturesque wood frame wall that runs several blocks along the water. We stopped in one of Lahaina's standbys, the Yamamoto Store, which deals mostly in fishing equipment but also dispenses an icy Hawaiian delight known in the patois as Shave Ice ("snow cones" to little boys growing up in Minnesota). Fred Yamamoto, a tiny, wizened man, who has run the store with his wife since 1938, turned on his made-in-Tokyo ice-crushing relic and produced a round of cones doused thickly with syrup. Then he stood behind the counter, his head barely protruding above the top, and talked about the fishing he's done. His discourse was being followed

Maui's Hana Coast—"The special allure is that nothing happens."

—Robert Wenkam

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dreamily by a long-haired young man in a bathing suit, sitting on a round stool beside me. "Do you fish?" I asked him.

"Yes."

"For what?"

"I fish for people."

"Good or bad people?"

"All good people." And with that, he got up and floated out of the Yamamoto Store.

"There are nice boys, nice girls in Lahaina," Mr. Yamamoto said. "No trouble for us. Some of them come from good families. But it's too bad they waste time. They should go in the service, or work."

Further up Front Street we found the Lahaina Marketplace abuilding in the afternoon sun. When completed next year, its one-and-a-half acres will hold craft shops, restaurants, a German beer garden, and an outdoor second-floor dancing deck to take advantage of West Maui's widely acclaimed weather, which last year produced nine months of barely traceable rainfall. Higgins Madigan, a Honolulu businessman whom I found supervising construction, assured me the venture wouldn't go the way of the teeming International Market Place in Waikiki. He too sounded worried about hippies. He is mulling over a scheme to have the marketplace patrolled by "big, happy Hawaiians" in pith helmets. "If there was any trouble, they would come up and say, 'Hey, bruddah, let's go outside,' and they'd be too big for anyone to say 'What?' "

On the Front Street sea wall, a Hare Krishna group had taken up the chant. Mitchell watched his foes from a safe distance, holding his emotions in check. On the road back to Kaanapali by car, cutting between the deep-green cane fields on one side and the azure Pacific on the other, with West Maui's Mountains of the Moon rising up in the near distance, Simon and I mused on how complete the setting would be with the company of two good women. No sooner had the wish been voiced than the keen-eyed Cardew applied the brakes. Sitting beside the road, almost hidden by overhanging sugar cane stalks, trying to hitch a ride, were two lovely girls. We obliged. They were schoolteachers from California spending a month on Maui, finding it a mite inactive but charmed nonetheless. We four raised our share of havoc that evening, but I think that nothing a person does on Maui can match the show of beauty that night itself brings. The moon was up, and air was fresh and sweet enough to bottle.

Next morning Simon and I caught a Royal Hawaiian flight to Hana in East Maui, preferring the briefer overhead journey to the tortuous but dazzling coastal route. The special allure of Hana is that nothing happens during the day and less happens at night. But the scenery and the magnificent quietude are enough to sate most venturers. Of course Simon was never one to let a day pass without trying to alter it, so we commandeered a car—there were no Jeeps left—from the Hotel Hana Ranch and set off down a narrow country road with a picnic lunch packed by the hotel. We had been given the license number of a guest who had taken his wife down the same road earlier that morning in a Jeep and who might want to swap vehicles if we met. We had bounced along only a few miles when the phantom Jeep appeared. The man and his wife, obviously rattled by the unaccustomed jolts, were overjoyed to make the switch. "I could kiss you," the man told Simon.

Following the winding coast, we rumbled past roadside waterfalls tumbling into deep pools, rain forests dank with midnight growth, clumps of mango and guava trees, ripening and sweet. We came to the Kipahulu Valley, where Charles Lindbergh has built a seafront home, and, after prying open a pasture gate, headed up the grassy slopes past bemused cattle. Simon stopped the Jeep and we entered the denser foliage on foot. We lunched by a hidden pool fed by several streams and falls and afterward for a refresher clambered down the slippery rocks and into a cool, perfectly drinkable stream. We were climbing out when Simon, just ahead of me, came face to face (as he later put it) with "a pair of kneecaps." They belonged to a young Oriental from Berkeley whose shoulder-length hair and headband gave him the look of a friendly Apache. He was camping alone in the valley, accompanied by the birds, the monarch butterflies, and the omnipresent scurrying mongooses. He said he was trying to minimize, at least for a few days, all forms of unnecessary energy. "We're using energy right now," he said softly. "We're conversing." He joined us on a drive further up the valley until we were perhaps 3,000 feet above the misty shore, standing in tall grass, sharing the grand view with the resident Angus cattle. We dropped him off later near his camp site and then rambled at a less than judicious pace down the mountainside, Simon doing his mightiest to keep the wheel under control and to avoid the scattering cattle, I standing behind the covered front seat holding onto the bar and shrieking inanities into the tender sky.

We lowered our energy output in preparation for a typically quiet and genteel evening at the Hana Ranch, a hotel with a onetime reputation of WASPish exclusivity but which today goes out of its way to declare in its brochures: "no restrictive policies." Over cocktails Hana's country doctor, Milton Howell, told me that despite the splendid torpor of East Maui, many of his patients suffer from high blood pressure. "It's really a dietary problem," he said. "If you've been to a luau you've seen how they eat—all sorts of salts, and enormous appetites." Buoyed I suppose by the drinks, Simon and I managed to extend the hotel's dinner hour past its normal closing, and by the time the flower-decked, open-air restaurant emptied, we had met and engaged nearly all the guests young and old.

The moon was even fuller that night, the sky and water more luminous. I shouldn't go into it. On Sunday morning before we flew back to Honolulu, Simon insisted on showing me the ranch's piggery, so we rambled back down the country road a good distance, finally turning up a rutted lane toward this curious destination. The smell, as we neared, became unbearable. Simon wanted to show me each individual pigpen, but I yelled: "Get me out of here!" We laughed all the way down the road and, I think, halfway back to Honolulu.

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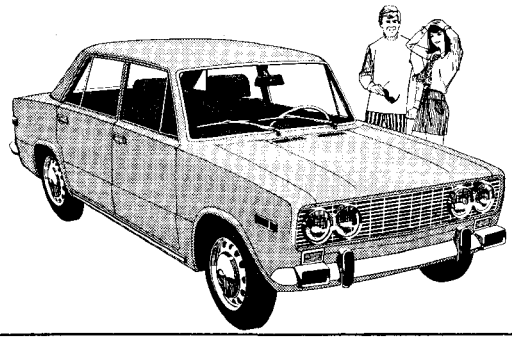

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After Kent State

Continued from page 15

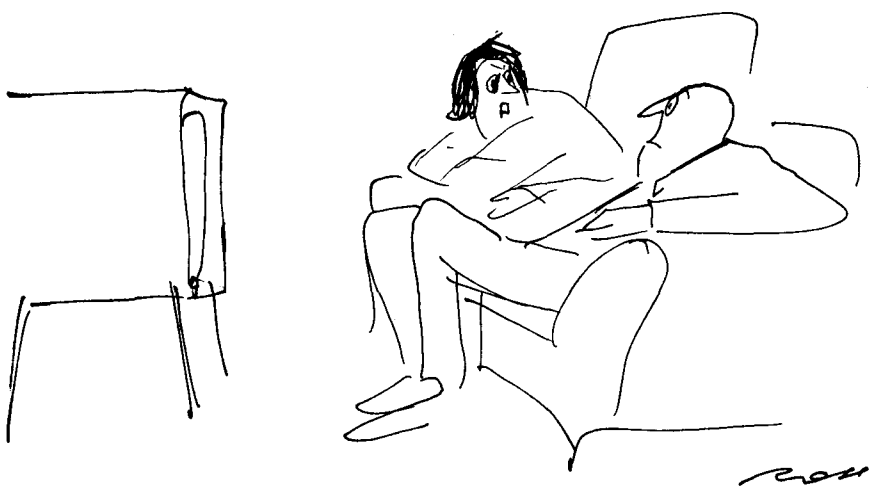
against students in particular. A proposal to lower the voting age to nineteen in Oregon was defeated after demonstrations at Oregon State University and other campuses; the animosity against the young, said a recent graduate of Reed College in Portland, "was so thick you could cut it with a knife." Attacks by construction workers on peace marchers in New York City were directed at all "hippies, freaks, and long-hairs," and interviews around the nation indicated that Americans regard campus demonstrations as the most important and disturbing of the major national issues. When the wave of post-Cambodia campus strikes began there was a strong possibility that the violence would mount, that the Weathermen would find new recruits, and that the chances for campus peace next year would be extremely low. Although witnesses before the President's Commission on Campus Unrest recently testified that the peak of the college demonstrations has passed, few people are ready to lower the insurance rates on campus property. A year ago, college presidents and deans were predicting calm for 1969-70; they had learned, they said then, how to "handle" campus activism.

Because of the fear of mounting violence, the new organizations—committed as they are to the existing system—were greeted with considerable enthusiasm among liberal adults. This, said the voice of moderation, was the proper way to express grievances and change national policy. There was a temptation to patronize the Movement—to treat the students like fumbling Boy Scouts trying to help a self-sufficient old lady across the street. At the same time there was relief—possibly premature—that the reaction to Kent State was not manifested in a new escalation of violence. The students in the new organizations responded to the patronizing by trying to be professionals, but they welcomed the role of moderates. They did not want to be regarded as long-haired crazies. Some of them had spent hours persuading their reluctant parents that the People's Lobby and the Movement for a New Congress were not collectives of Weathermen and junkies—that they represented, in fact, the kind of political work encouraged by the civics textbook. Sometimes they were—and are—surprised that, despite all that, they are still resented, especially by people who can smell out social class much faster than political conviction.

Because they do not expect as much as the McCarthy students of two years ago, the students are less likely to be disappointed by a few rounds of defeat and less subject to some form of total disaster. Nonetheless, they will have considerable difficulty in simultaneously representing youth within the system and maintaining their credibility on the campus. Without some success at the polls in the fall, and without some measure of impact in Southeast Asia, their kind of involvement may, despite all professions to the contrary, have a pitifully short life. While some of the new organizations talk about supporting civil rights and fighting police repression, they have rarely been able to make these things into persuasive issues at the local level, or to attract black and other ethnic minorities to the Movement. The *new* new politics is almost entirely white and middle-class.

Most of all, however, they are hobbled by the necessity, often denied but frequently honored, to re-establish themselves as "responsible" people and to dissociate themselves from the students that most Americans have seen on television during the past two years. Even after the early primaries, some optimists in the organizations claimed that the efforts of their members had created a new understanding—a rapprochement—between students and their most determined opponents. But in that process there is often a temptation to give away too much, to pretend that most American young people are just like anyone else, except in age. If that, in fact, is the case, then there are hundreds of thousands of exceptions whose music, drugs, hairstyles, and aspirations are visibly different, who have, at least in their rhetoric, given up on conventional politics, and who will continue to assert themselves in the coming years.

Chancellor Alexander Heard of Vanderbilt University, who was asked by the President to report on matters of youth, warned Mr. Nixon in July that large numbers of young men and women had no confidence in the administration or the responsiveness of government in general. The warning was hardly new, but it indicated that, if anything, the legacy of Kent State was more mistrust and alienation, not less. In trying to establish their credibility within the system, therefore, the moderates may simply be reinforcing not merely the old political structures but the belief that the culture of the young, for better or worse, is the aberration of a minority. Perhaps the most encouraging thing for any nation is for its young to become apprentices in the institutions and skills of the old, but this is precisely what the revolt of people under thirty was not supposed to be. The McCarthy campaign and the early primaries of 1970 often employed the same tactics, but the kids of 1968—although they shaved their beards and cut their hair—did not feel they had anything to apologize for. The new activists of 1970 have no cause for apology either, but in the past hundred days they often behaved as if they did. If they continue to do so in the fall, they will be misrepresenting their peers, misleading their elders, and—conceivably—setting the stage for more alienation or for a more violent and desperate series of confrontations in 1971, or both. "What we want to show," said one of the leaders of the May uprising, "is that the country should live by the textbook. But if we can't, someone's going to write a new book."



"Admit it. You'd never miss me the way you miss Chet Huntley."

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

A8d, B7h, C4i, D6e, E 10 b, F3a, G 1 a, H9c, I 2f, J5g.

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George Szell—"He had his insights and his farsights and they were very difficult to quarrel with."

THE SIZE OF SZELL

by IRVING KOLODIN

Music had its contemporary Black Friday on the last day of July when a count of mortalities in a twenty-four-hour period subtracted from the world-wide conducting scene three celebrated maestri: Sir John Barbirolli, Jonel Perlea, and George Szell, a tidy nucleus of quality for any opera house. All were in the area of seventy, meaning that they were vulnerable to some form of age-related afflictions. Barbirolli, it will be remembered, had been fighting various debilitating afflictions for years, and recently had walked only with a cane. Perlea had suffered a stroke a dozen years ago, but continued to function with his left hand rather than his right as his communications center. Only Szell seemed proof against advancing years, preserving his taut, trim figure through annual retreats from the wear and tear of concert life to a Hôtel du Golf high above the Rhone Valley in Switzerland.

All will be missed, for qualities above and beyond the average, but Szell may also be rated irreplaceable, not merely for what he did but for what he was. The unwanted coincidence called to attention sooner than anticipated the forthcoming twenty-fifth anniversary of his association with the Cleveland Orchestra. Circumstances have decreed that Szell not endure to share the credit he earned for establishing Cleveland as the home base of an orchestra as distinguished as any in the world. The kind of ensemble he created remains a unique testimonial to the kind of musician he was and the special sorts of objectives to which he was committed.

Conductors of European background have come to America to achieve outstanding results for decades: Stokowski in Philadelphia, Koussevitzky in Boston, Toscanini in New York, Reiner in Chicago. Together they have created a composite prototype of the American orchestra: enormously skilled, highly responsive, technically impeccable, and, perhaps, a shade impersonal. It was a prototype recognizable to Europeans when the late Wilhelm Furtwaengler, in a fit of pique, referred to them as *Luxushunde* (lapdogs would be a reasonable approximation).

It remained for Szell to conceive another kind of composite, wholly un-

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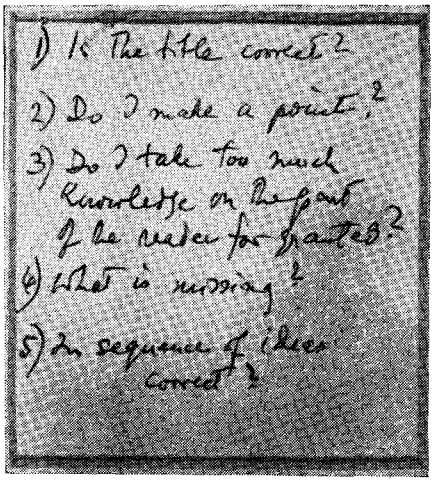
der his own supervision. This would be brought about through a merger of physical and intellectual elements, in which the American standard of performance would be combined with the kind of personal participation that prevailed in the best of the Central European orchestras, the Berlin and Vienna Philharmonics. To be sure, it could be imposed, temporarily, on a fine American orchestra, such as the New York Philharmonic, when Bruno Walter or another paragon was its guest conductor. But it was Szell's *beau idéal* to canonize such a composite as a household god, the established mode from which anything else would be a deviation. The outcome would be neither recognizably American in polish and brilliance nor distinctively European in mellowness and finesse. As well as following the conductor, the musicians would listen to each other, intently. They would cede executive volition to the autocrat of the podium, but no part of personal participation in the common outcome.

To achieve both objectives—which are, to a degree, mutually exclusive—called for a rare blend of superior knowledge, pedagogic impulse, and powers of persuasion. Knowledge came most readily to Szell, whose early talents for composition and piano playing were set aside as he grew older, most likely because in neither respect did he match his high, self-set standard. His aspirations as a conductor—endorsed and encouraged by Richard Strauss—were conditioned, after apprenticeships in Strasbourg, Darmstadt, and Düsseldorf, in the hard school of the post-World War I Berlin Staatsoper, where his senior colleagues included Erich Kleiber and Selmar Meyrowitz, eventually Leo Blech and Otto Klemperer.

In 1929 he was offered direction of the famed German Opera in Prague, as well as a professorship at the German Academy of that Czech city. At this time, he was barely known to the general public, but his standing in the profession could hardly have been higher. He was early preferred by such soloists as Pablo Casals, Bronislaw Hubermann, and Artur Schnabel as their collaborator in concerto recordings (the Dvořák with Casals is still to be heard on a "Great Recordings of the Century" issue). When Artur Bodanzky sampled the talents of Kirsten Flagstad at St. Moritz in 1934, where she had come to audition for the Metropolitan, he found her wanting only in complete knowledge of certain German texts. He asked (according to the version in Louis Biancolli's *Flagstad Manuscript*), "Do you suppose you can find time to go to Prague and study these things with Professor Szell?" Flagstad not only


1) Is The title correct?
2) Do I make a point?
3) Do I take too much knowledge on the part of the reader for granted?
4) What is missing?
5) Is sequence of ideas correct?

"A meticulously drawn series of questions . . . much as he might query a composer of a new score. . . ."

could, but did. "Not a single complimentary word until the very last day," Flagstad recalled. Then he remarked: "I'm going to write to Mr. Bodanzky and say that he doesn't have to worry about your not knowing the roles in time."

There was no more of Prague's rich musical life for Szell after 1937, when the pressures in the Sudetenland became all too apparent a portent of things to come for a nonpolitical musician. His repute in Great Britain secured him an appointment to the Scottish Orchestra of Glasgow in 1937 (a post, oddly enough, relinquished by Barbirolli when he came to the New York Philharmonic as Toscanini's successor), with trips to Australia for the ABC during the summer months of 1938 and 1939. He had a bid from the NBC Symphony in the spring of 1939, but other commitments prevented acceptance. On the homeward journey from the second trip to Australia he learned, during a stopover in New York, that mobilization of manpower in Britain to meet the threat of a Polish invasion by Hitler had caused the Scottish Orchestra's season to be suspended.

A preacher without a pulpit is badly off, but he can profess his faith at a street corner rally if need be. A conductor without a podium might as well be no conductor at all. Szell had friends in New York, but no one could improvise an orchestra for him. Among his friends was Leopold Mannes, who utilized Szell's attainments as a pedagogue and a chamber music specialist to find a place for him on the faculty of the Mannes School (now College) of Music. It was not what a former director of the German Theater in Prague was accustomed to, but it was work in music. There was also guest conducting in Los Angeles, St. Louis, and Ravinia to be improvised, while he awaited qualification as an American citizen. An opportunity to conduct the NBC Symphony in the spring of 1941 brought recognition not only for his leadership abilities but also for his now well-known transcription for orchestra of Smetana's "Aus meinem Leben" quartet. The formation of a Chamber Symphony by the New Friends of Music with Szell as its director and recurrent soloist in piano works of Mozart occasioned astonishment at his musicianship. It turned to amazement when another round of musical chairs brought him to the Metropolitan in December 1942 to make his debut with Strauss's *Salome*.

A speciality by a specialist, it might be said; but what of his Mozart (*Don Giovanni*, the Prague way), his Mussorgsky (a great *Boris* with Pinza, then Kipnis), his Wagner (a memorable *Meistersinger* and sundry others, on the way to an unforgettable *Ring* in a later season), and, eventually, a masterful Verdi (an *Otello* that gave warning of the towering performance of the Requiem in New York in the fullness of time)?

The way to Szell's accession to Cleveland was through a guest engagement after its then music director, Erich Leinsdorf, was inducted into military service in 1944. It turned out to be the foot in the door, or nose in the tent, that finally made admittance of the total body irresistible.

For a considerable while, Szell was conducting a battle of survival rather than waging a triumphant march toward his stated objective—an orchestra to equal any in the world. He worked at first things first—to create, out of his knowledge and teaching abilities, the "finest Haydn-Mozart orchestra in the land." This was a manageable objective, if only because fewer players were required, and they could serve as the nucleus of the greater ensemble to come.

That he had the necessary knowledge and the pedagogic impulse is altogether apparent from the results as then admired and now evident on recordings. Power of persuasion was something else again. Szell was never, in any circumstances, an extrovert. His bent was not to the flamboyant but to the thoughtful. From the pit of the opera house he could create music drama because he was the invisible source of the visible enactment by others. In the spotlight of the concert hall, Szell tended to shrink a little, as if not yet accustomed to the idea that this was, truly, his métier.

A valued guest conductor at the New York Philharmonic in those years, Szell had more than a fair share of difficulty in persuading its musicians that he was, indeed, their leader. Encountering

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him about this time in the music division of the Forty-second Street library, we exchanged some words on the subject of his current guest engagement with the Philharmonic. He sighed and said plaintively, "They wouldn't look at me when I was conducting even if my pants fell down." The all-out campaign to court results took another turn when a repeated effort to get an oboist to play a phrase as he wanted it resulted in inordinate repetitions. After the sixth or seventh, the oboist was forced to demur. "Mr. Szell, I cannot play anymore. My lip won't take it." It was such resistance to his methods that brought to my query, when a replacement for Mitropoulos was being considered in 1957, "What about Szell?" the reply from a Philharmonic official, "The orchestra wouldn't have him."

The transformation from knowledgeable, pedagogical George Szell to persuasive, all-conquering George Szell can be attributed, in my view, to two things. One was the long, hard winters in Cleveland's Severance Hall, where he worked savagely and productively to shape an instrument tempered to his needs and responsive to his desires. He found, through trial and error, enough musicians who felt about music the way that he did to edge them closer to the ideal of ceding volition while retaining participation. A visit to Severance Hall in the late Fifties showed Szell, on his home heath, to be a more confident, confidence-inspiring maestro than he was in Carnegie Hall.

The other was a turn of the conductorial wheel, another shuffle of the orchestral deck which brought Szell to a position among the recognizable "face cards." Repeated visits to New York with the Cleveland Orchestra nurtured self-esteem and earned recognition from press as well as public. With Toscanini, Furtwaengler, Koussevitzky, and Kleiber gone, then Beecham and Bruno Walter, the crushing weight of comparison was lifted from Szell's shoulders. He need no longer be anybody's man but his own. Soon enough, that turned out to be as much as any orchestra or critic could ask.

Not that life with Szell was anything like placid. He took occasion, in the middle Fifties, to indulge his dislike for Rudolf Bing's kind of *Tannhäuser* to withdraw precipitately from conducting at the Metropolitan, and to use the news columns of the New York *Herald Tribune* to communicate the news to the opera management. He broke open a feud several chasms wide in 1962 by taking advantage of a guest engagement in Los Angeles to tell the attentive local journalists his dim opinion of the orchestra up north in San Francisco, where he had begged off finishing a guest engagement. He took unholy pleasure in publicizing an ill-advised letter from critic Alfred Frankenstein suggesting that a guest engagement in Cleveland for Enrique Jorda, conductor of the orchestra criticized by Szell, would save face for him at home. They seemed to be the acts of a man who had waited long and patiently to exercise a nasty streak in his makeup.

However, such passion for speaking his mind has to be equated with his ability to make the orchestras under his direction (it eventually came to be the New York Philharmonic, the Vienna Philharmonic, and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw as well as the Cleveland) speak the minds of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, et al. Nor can it be said that he imposed a discipline on others that he would not ask of himself. He worked inordinately hard and he expected others to, also. If he thought he had found a receptive talent, he could lavish hours and days of his holiday time on him, as he did one summer for pianist John Browning in Switzerland.

His aim, in short, was perfection, whether in music or in other activities. In response to an invitation from me to write an appraisal of Toscanini as a conductor for an anniversary issue of 1967, he said he would, PROVIDED the inviter allocated enough time for consultation and correction, with Szell, to satisfy his own rigorous standards of how the important subject at hand should be treated. When Szell appeared at the appointed time with his manuscript there was attached to it a meticulously drawn series of questions he wanted answered, much as *he* might query a composer of a new score he was studying. As contained in the facsimile reproduction on page 34, they read:

1) Is the title correct?
2) Do I make a point?
3) Do I take too much knowledge on the part of the reader for granted?
4) What is missing?
5) Is sequence of ideas correct?

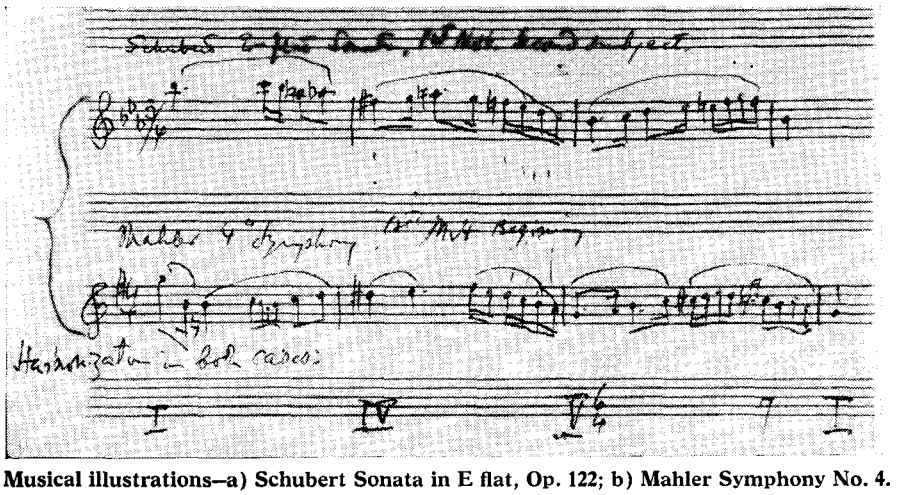
Needless to say, by the time the consultations and their aftermath had been completed, every query had been answered to Szell's satisfaction.

On another occasion, an opportunity to participate in a "Bell Telephone Hour" TV program devoted to Szell rehearsing the Cleveland Orchestra brought into clear focus the high musical level at which his procedures were pitched, his expectation that every performer's concentration equal his own, and that the attention he demanded be equated into an opportunity on the musician's part for the most beautiful effort of which each was individually capable. The most memorable recollection of that event was the producer's suggestion to Szell that he explain to the audience, verbally, how they could give a fresh performance of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony after all the years of familiarity with it. "We won't explain it," said Szell. "We'll do it."

On the personal level, I cherish most a letter written last summer from his retreat in Switzerland commenting on *The Continuity of Music*. He not only discussed in detail his agreement with its main thesis, but suggested half a dozen additions to its line of reasoning, sketching, in detail, examples from the literature of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mahler, Chopin, Schumann, Wagner, and Richard Strauss—as, for example, the invention (a) of Schubert (the E-flat Sonata) converted by Mahler (in the first movement of his Fourth Symphony) into (b). At the beginning of the sequence of musical illustrations he wrote: "The following random list of similarities and kinships is quoted from memory and, while correct in substance, will probably be inaccurate in some detail."

Memory, of course, is a common-

(*Continued on page 46*)



Musical illustrations—a) Schubert Sonata in E flat, Op. 122; b) Mahler Symphony No. 4.

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Is Broadway Singing It Like It Is?

by STANLEY GREEN

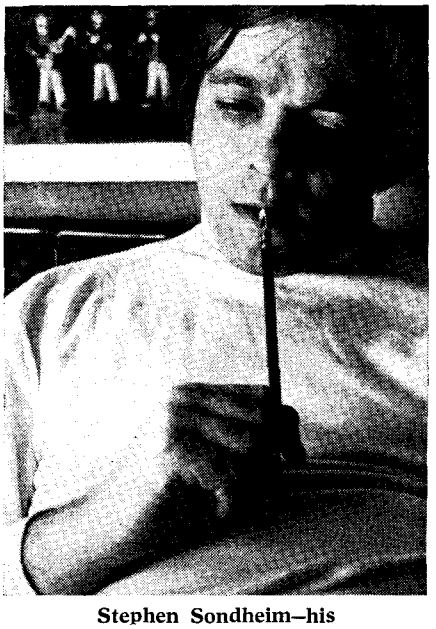
Honesty. That's the policy of our Broadway musicals right now. Sing it like it is. Cut out the phony, the baloney, the dream world, the hearts and flowers, and give us life as it is lived today. And why not? Judging by the biggest hits on view, it pays to be honest. Doesn't *Hair* give us an unblinking, unblushing view of hippiedom? Doesn't *Promises, Promises* deliver a straight accounting of the deviousness of business executives? Doesn't *Applause* spotlight the connive-or-perish world of the theater? Doesn't *Company* expose the raw nerve ends of big-city married life?

Now there is something rather contradictory about all this. The musical stage has always been the one theatrical area that sells make-believe in its purest state. The stylized settings; the too colorful costumes; the dancing girls; the visible, buffer-like pit orchestra; and the songs that everyone makes up on the spur of the moment all contribute to the unreality. But we willingly accept these conventions and manage somehow to believe enough in the situations and the characters to enjoy the musical specialties that are the backbone of the form. Now, however, that's not enough. We must accept *truth*.

What constitutes truth, of course, all too often depends largely on where one sits. In *Hair*, the disheveled participants wing with wild abandon as they joyously proclaim their lust for life. But once we get past the appeal of the musical numbers, we find the cast involving us in an outlook that, whatever the merits of the production, is basically self-destructive. Here they are, parading their easy acceptance of drugs, physical uncleanliness, verbal obscenities, and amoral and sodomitic practices—all, presumably, to convince us how rotten the System is. Will this lead to our Age of Aquarius with harmony and understanding, sympathy and trust abounding? Or will it be more likely to result in an age of mentally and physically damaged children? Or, in our medium age, isn't anyone listening to the message?

Message or no, apparently everyone seems to be listening to the original cast recording (RCA Victor, LSO 1150), which has been far and away the most successful theater album of recent years. Musically the score is strong. Lyrically it is all too often merely a thesaurus on the subjects of drugs, human anatomy, sexual practices, the names by which the black man is called, and, of course, the cult of the hirsute. One thing, though, has always puzzled me. Why should it embarrass Crissy to walk down the street with Frank Mills?

With *Promises, Promises* and *Applause*, we are confronted less by a questionable outlook than by questionable craftsmanship. Both musicals are based on ancient film scripts, and both deal unsentimentally with the way people get ahead in the big city. But are their stories as honest as they appear? In *Promises, Promises* the premise is that five executives in a huge insurance company are so uncontrollably lustful that they must constantly commandeer a lowly accountant's seedy apartment for extramarital love-making. These men have wives and families, yet their vulnerability concerns them not in the least. Despite a situation fraught with peril, never once does one of them propose the logical solution of renting an unoccupied apartment. The reason is obvious. Without this situation there would be no story. So audiences accept it, chiefly, I suspect, because any time a basically unsavory theme is presented we are all too willing to believe it to be an honest depiction of life.



Stephen Sondheim—his "score is all of a piece."

On the recording (United Artists, UAS 9902) we hear of the prized apartment in three songs. In "Upstairs," the hero sings the praises of his pad, two flights up and $86.50 a month, and his, all his—except when the bosses want it. In "Our Little Secret," he and the personnel director of his company absolutely bask in the conspiracy that turns over the place for the executives' exclusive use, blithely glossing over the possibilities of questions and gossip. In their song of frustration, the four exiled businessmen express anguish that, apart from hotels, motels, rowboats, and rooftops, there are no places available for their highly pressured flings. Hyperbole, while funny, simply points up how ludicrous is their desperation.

Applause also has been applauded as a clear-eyed view of a segment of modern living. The show does rip through the false glamour of the theater, and the characters do have an air of believability. But the plotting remains contrived and unreal. Would a grande dame of the theater be so vulnerable as to allow a total stranger to worm her way into her life? Well, possibly. But what producer would hire the girl as the star's understudy after knowing that the star has turned against her? And how could the girl be so expert in the part when she is so much younger than the star and so totally different in personality and appearance? Does it not seem highly unlikely that a successful theatrical producer would frequent a hangout for young out-of-work actors? Or that the conniving girl would make a play for the married playwright, not the all too available producer? Again it would appear that the inherent distastefulness of the basic theme, more than anything else, is responsible for the musical's reputation for unblemished honesty.

In the original cast recording (ABC, OCS 11), it is the title number, of course, that reveals through its bursting melodic energy the unchallengeable fact that actors live for applause. Its rather pointless excerpts of songs from other shows have been eliminated, and, while this is no loss, I was sorry that "Good Friends" had been stripped of the candid asides that give the jingly little tune its special flavor. The number dealing most directly with the theater as a career, "Welcome to the Theater," is a splendid distillation of modern show business and comes across with more validity than the musical for which it was created.

Company is, by far, the most successfully realized production of the

(*Continued on page* 45)

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Earth People's Pop

by ELLEN SANDER

Great and majestic the mountains burst from the craggy surface, ethereal and delicate clouds nestle in their crevices. A hammerhead cloud hooks into the sky, a fierce, proud reach every experienced pilot knows to respect and avoid. A view of the clouds from the ground below and from an aircraft above as described in Saul Bellow's *Henderson the Rain King* was the inspiration for Joni Mitchell's song "Both Sides Now." A view of the planet from every possible location is the inspiration for Beaver and Krause's album of technologically crafted musical wizardry titled *In a Wild Sanctuary* (Warner Brothers stereo, 1850).

Pollution hangs like the dirty linen of progress as the giant jetliner lands in any major airport. I've looked at smog from both sides now, and I'm told not to be concerned that my nose is almost always clogged; it is nothing physical or medical, just the air I breathe. Is Pete Seeger a twentieth-century Don Quixote trying single-handedly to save the Hudson Valley with song?

An awe-inspiring sight, like a great lightshow in the sky, this planet hangs a blue-green sphere of life in a dead solar system, bright jewel of the universe turning toward its sun, glowing with a soft, fragile covering of air. Still and mysterious, it shines far away over the moon's horizon, frozen in clear color any child of the electronic age can see on television. From the moon it looks like paradise. Close up it's some hell of a mess.

We are approaching a crisis that makes Vietnam look like Ding Dong School. We fight one another at a time when we must begin to protect our planet from ourselves. Paul Beaver and Bernard Krause, with synthesized and instrumental music in one of the most technologically advanced recordings ever made, make a powerful ecological statement in movement and sound.

In a Wild Sanctuary is a pop record by genre. It speaks of the same hopes and fears in a slightly more advanced language. It is topical, urgent, and beautiful, containing undertones of doom and overtones of hope. It exists on that plane of collective consciousness of mankind's once and future dreams threatened on an individual and planetary level all at once, and that futuristic identification of problems on a universal level is a scheme of communication that is pop by definition. It contains no rock 'n' roll, no lyrics, beat, or lead guitarist, but in what it is and what it says it is closer to *Sergeant Pepper* than Stockhausen, in its manner of expression closer to *Bridge over Troubled Waters* than to *Switched-On Bach*, though in effect it borrows from all of them. It bridges no gap between musical forms; it exists unto itself, belonging to all of them, a singular statement of beauty, danger, and hope in a language so magnificently complex yet so deft and direct. How, this album asks, can we cope with the ecological crisis on a real basis unless we first consider how precious and inspiring our unspoiled natural environment can be?

A five-minute piece of melody, rhythm, and Moog with an inspirational break of cathedral music picks up into a busy underground musical setting full of scurrying activity. Suddenly, dramatically, it stops for a microbreath of pure silence; then massive bursts of thunder precede rain sounds fading into vague horns. The horns begin ever so quietly like dawn or life itself, broadening in tone for a procession into the day. "Spaced" begins with a series of small sounds coiling in tiny formations, building into a wide and profound curve of music, proud, infinite, whole. "So Long as the Waters Flow," a Moog spinning a melodic trace of Bach and other music, moves into a languid, liquid journey. It is a cleansing bath, water sounds of seas, lakes, streams, rains, waves, and washes combining in perpetually moving oceans of pure sound. The sounds and effects of this album are paced as musical movements and structures within movements. It is exotic and technically dazzling; still it is musical. And while it is a work of wonder in the field of electronically produced music, it is well within the comprehension and attention span of the most casual rock 'n' roll fan. Side 1, with its changes and movements worked into a whole, resembles the second side of *Abbey Road* or, on a more various level, "Suite Judy Blue Eyes," so dramatically and organically is each part woven into the others.

Side 2 begins with a short umbilical cord connecting it with the first side,

Beaver and Krause—"a powerful ecological statement in movement and sound."

then songs, as songs would be translated by technology into music. They are songs of wildlife in danger, songs of profound concern and celebration of problems that meet at the very heart of humanity: survival. "Earth People's Park" is a calypso celebration, a dance of afternoon joy. "Walking Green Algae Blues" begins as a piece of aquamarine jazz and metamorphoses with voices—children on a trip through a zoo, a voice-over of a tour guide discussing the vanishing orangutan, a caged lion screaming in frustration, sounds of nature violated at an animal level. Sounds of automation and noxious emission, locomotives, automobiles, and chants of war pick up the rhythms of life and death in fragile, shifting balance. Heartbeats materialize out of thunderclaps, then suddenly stop. Chill winds whip the air suggesting doom, lifeless, icy air such as in the final scene in Kurt Vonnegut's *Cat's Cradle*, when a secret scientific discovery freezes the waters of the world and atmospheric storms destroy all life on the planet. This album transforms science fiction into sonic fact. "Sanctuary" ends the album with a soft, soothing balm of music.

Fighting the ugliness and indifferent waste and destruction that threaten life with an awareness of beauty and balance is not a new artistic concept. It is a pure idea that all great music contains, but *In a Wild Sanctuary* contains it in an astoundingly relevant way. Technology is an important aspect of all contemporary pop. Most of it is electrically or electronically produced; all of it is made to be media music that takes strength from and is geometrically amplified by being sent out through the air. It is the information source of the new culture; it has crossed the boundaries of time and space first and brought with it the level of consciousness on which it was created, conceiving a unique cultural style of communication. *In a Wild Sanctuary* is global pop, demonstrating on a highly technical level the same confluence of ideas as the Incredible String Band does on an acoustic level. Both are close to the earth in the same way.

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Recordings in Review

Rockabye Bizet

BIZET-CORIGLIANO-HESS: *The Naked Carmen. Melba Moore, William Walker, David Hess, Anita Darian, George Turner, and others; with John Corigliano conducting and John Atkins, piano.* Mercury stereo, SRM 1-604, $5.98.

THE ADVANCE WARNING that I would either love or detest this free-swinging, hard-hitting, totally irreverent revision of one of the most popular operas ever written had the expectable result. I found *The Naked Carmen* neither lovable nor detestable, but in many ways engaging, amusing, occasionally imaginative, and, in the end, rather inconclusive. It cries out for the kind of visual counterpart that could be created on TV, and it is almost certain to wind up in such a treatment—being convertible, with very little change, from its present disc-length of about fifty-five minutes into an hour-length show.

The idea of an updated *Carmen* inevitably suggests the treatment of the early Forties called *Carmen Jones*, in which the cigarette factory became a wartime parachute works (as adapted by the late Oscar Hammerstein II), the toreador Escamillo was converted into a prize fighter, and the hapless Don José gave up his corporal's stripes to go AWOL for love of Carmen. However, *The Naked Carmen* is nowhere so ambitious in story line. John Corigliano, whose sound and substantial piano concerto was reviewed here recently [*SR*, May 30], and David Hess, a writer-producer for Mercury (who has a Carmen, Marjorie Hess, in his own background) have concentrated on perpetuating some strong threads of the original, such as Carmen's thirst for freedom, Escamillo's daily defiance of death, and Don José's possessiveness, on which to string their revised musical treatments. These are not necessarily in the sequence of the original, although the "Habanera" (set to the words of Hess beginning "When love is free") comes on early, and the climax occurs with the "Card Scene."

In between there is a lot of noise, of sound-montage effects and momentary faddism (such as the use of a Moog synthesizer to muck up the playing of the Prelude with "fate" noises). But there are also a good many inventive, resourceful ideas in Corigliano's recasting of Bizet's score that might be missed by one who did not know the original. It is totally unnecessary to have the slightest familiarity with *Carmen* proper to appreciate *The Naked Carmen* improper. But one with such familiarity, and a strong enough musical stance to respond to *The Naked Carmen* without being bowled over, will find a good many asides and innuendoes in the musical treatment that would escape one lacking such familiarity. As an instance: When the restlessness of Carmen is depicted as all-consuming late in her troubled life, it is conveyed through a splashing "Carmen Fantasette," on the piano, which recalls the finger-breaking arrangement of Bizet materials by Vladimir Horowitz.

Among the special pleasures of *The Naked Carmen* is the greatly talented Melba Moore, currently of *Purlie*, who performs not only the paraphrases of the "Habanera" and "Card Scene" with great style, but also a takeoff (or a take-over) from the third-act aria of Micaela. William Walker, of the Metropolitan, offers a robust voice for Escamillo, and there are other good efforts by Robert White (son of radio's "The Silver Masked Tenor"), Anita Darian, etc. I rather doubt that Paul Paray would like the idea of his artistic effort in the *Carmen* Suite with the Detroit Symphony being kicked around because Mercury owns the rights to it, and the art editor of the elaborate fourteen-page brochure (derived from the "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Heart's Club Band" school of art) becomes carried away with his own ingenuity, but these are marginal quibbles. There's something stirring with John Corigliano, and it's not the cadenzas his father played as concertmaster of the New York Philharmonic.

David Hess "has a Carmen, Marjorie Hess, in his own background."

Background to Wilhelm Backhaus

CHOPIN: *Fantaisie-Impromptu.* BACH: *Prelude and Fugue (No. 1 in C).* BRAHMS: *Variations on a Theme by Paganini.* SCHUMANN: *Fantasia in C; Nachtstück (Op. 23, No. 4). Wilhelm Backhaus, piano.* Parnassus 3, $6 (Parnassus Records, 130 Arnold Street, Staten Island, N.Y. 10301).

TO A GENERATION conditioned to the belief that the late Wilhelm Backhaus (who died last year at the age of eighty-five, concertizing to the end) was exclusively a Beethoven performer, this disc will be, at the least, illuminating. It may also be instructive to some contemporaries, who embrace specialization at twenty-five, that Backhaus was, for much of his career, an all-purpose pianist who came to specialization not for lack of ability to play the works of others, but by a gradual concentration on what he could do best.

The Chopin *Fantaisie-Impromptu* of 1908 is the earliest in the collection, and possibly one of the earliest piano records now in circulation. It shows its age in the constricted range of the tonal matter and the dim likeness to the piano; but it is also recognizably the work of Backhaus in its intellectual probity, love of good order, and concern for the composer's interests. These may not be the qualities on which a reputation for flamboyant Chopin is based, but the twenty-four-year-old Backhaus (he was born in 1884) was working on a career, not on a sensation. The fifteen minutes' worth of Paganini Variations shows the kind of address to this composer (1927) that expressed itself not long afterwards in Backhaus's two-volume collection of Brahms piano pieces (ballades, inter-

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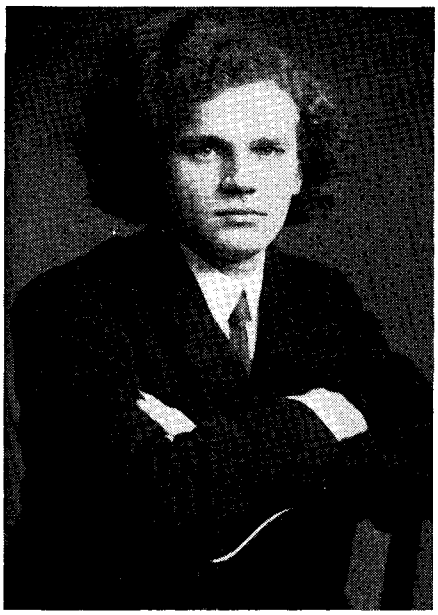

Wilhelm Backhaus (c. 1905)—"working on a career, not on a sensation."

mezzi, rhapsodies, and waltzes among them). It exceeded in range and scope anything available at that (1934) time. As for the Schumann Fantasia of 1938, it is only better reproduced, not better performed, than the other contents of the well-processed disc.

The only blemish to mar this admirable collection (which might also have included Backhaus's Victor disc of Albéniz's Tango in D, or the arrangement for piano of Delibes's *Naila* Waltz, or Liszt's third *Liebestraum* in A flat to indicate the range of his interests) are some comments attributed to L. G., presumably the record's producer, Leslie Gerber. It runs: "Although Backhaus continued to record until the year of his death, nearly all of his best recordings date from the shellac era. Even in the early days of LP—which did produce some notable records—the once masterful technique was beginning to show some decline. Most of the recent stereo recordings, for all the musical maturity they display, do scant justice to a master pianist." This is not merely wide of the mark, but inferentially unjust to the kind of live performance of which Backhaus was capable when he was last heard in Carnegie Hall in 1956.

Stockhausen in Japan

STOCKHAUSEN: *Telemusik (1966); Mixtur (1964).* DGG stereo, 137 012, $5.98.

Telemusik (which may borrow its philosophic frame from Telstar rather than Television) is described by its creator as a step in the direction of composing "not 'my' music, but a music of the whole world, of all countries and all races." The elements that enter into it are derived from "the imperial Japanese court (the Gagaku Players), from the happy Isle of Bali, from the southern Sahara, from a Spanish village fiesta, from Hungary, from the Shipibos of the Amazon," etc.

This is, to be sure, a good part "of all countries and all races" (China, Vietnam, and Nara are also included), but why the exclusion of the so-called civilized West: Russia, the United States, South America, Polynesia, etc.? I invoke these considerations not to cast aspersions on Stockhausen's intent, but rather to relate the reader to a kind of grandiosity that impels the German sound experimenter to speak of "all," when he means some, and a "whole," when he means a part. I venture the belief that there is a similar grandiosity in the sound thus conveyed from a six-channel tape, the original of which can be performed only on a six-channel tape machine in Japan. It impresses me as an interesting experiment in audible journalism whose musical context is nil.

Mixtur differs from *Telemusik* in being performed by an ensemble stationed at sine generators, monitoring sounds from a woodwind group, a brass group, and two string groups rather than being composed and performed by Stockhausen directly onto tape. The modulated sounds are diffused over several loudspeaker groups, and thus merged with the original unmodulated sounds of the instruments. This strikes me as a complication of difficulties out of all proportion to the audible outcome. Is it all *Kinderspiel*? I hear nothing in this playback to contradict the conclusion that it is, indeed, intellectual child's play.

"Merry Mount" Revisited

HANSON: *Merry Mount (excerpts). Howard Hanson conducting the Eastman School of Music Chorus, the Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra, and Jerry Crawford, bass-baritone; Charlene Chadwick Cullen, soprano; Lenita Schadema, mezzo-soprano; William Fleck, baritone; Henry Nason, tenor; Kerry McDevitt, tenor; Janice Shellhammer, mezzo-soprano; and Calvin Cullen, baritone.* STRONG: *"Chorale on a Theme of Leo Hassler."* PARKER: *Prelude to Mona. Hanson conducting the Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra.* Mercury stereo, SR 90524, $5.98.

THE QUALITY of impulse in Howard Hanson's *Merry Mount* has remained a vivid memory since it was first performed at the Metropolitan in February 1934, thanks not only to its inherent power but also to an occasional concert version of the work as well as a scattering of recordings over the thirty-six-year period. Here the emphasis is on the choral writing, and rightfully so, for it is the single outstanding attribute of the work, and the portion of it that earned Hanson's score singular esteem among the numerous American works produced at the Metropolitan prior to 1934.

The organizational effort herein expended on the prelude and opening chorus ("Be as a lion, dread Jehovah"), Bradford's arias ("Woe to the Nation," "'Tis an earth defiled," "Almighty Father," and "Never more shall prayer ravish these lips"), the duet of Bradford and Lady Marigold ("Bestead me now, ye furies of the pit"), and three further choruses ("Gird you with sackcloth," "It is the house of gay carouse," and "Our Father Which Art in Heaven") show both the strong and the weak aspects of the work. On the plus side are the vigor and intensity, then at flood tide, with which Hanson endowed his setting of an excellent text by Richard Stokes founded on the conflict of the Puritans and Cavaliers in colonial New England and the torments of Preacher "Wrestling" Bradford to control his lust for the luscious Plentiful Tewke. Less to the work's enduring interest are the all too frequent parallels in Hanson's creation to such other choral operas as Mussorgsky's *Boris* and Puccini's *Turandot*.

The more pertinent point, at this distance, would concern the question: Why, considering the generous interest aroused by *Merry Mount*, did Hanson not venture another stage work thereafter? Very likely because the investment of time and effort in his first venture was not rewarded with sufficient performances to encourage a second. One might say that the only thing worse for an American composer than not having an opera performed by the Metropolitan is to have it performed. That is almost a sure guarantee that it will not be given by a company in Chicago or San Francisco. You can, as Casey Stengel has been known to say, look it up.

Hanson's direction is fervent and compelling, the singing of the chorus excellent, and the performances of the leading roles less than wholly successful because of the immaturity of the soloists. Jerry Crawford, who sings the material of Bradford associated with Lawrence Tibbett, is the best. Parker's atmospheric Prelude to *Mona* (another American work produced at the Metropolitan) is affectionately re-created by the orchestra under Hanson's direction; likewise the quietly elegant elaborations by Strong on the Hassler chorale. No date is given for the recording, but it sounds better than some prior ones from the same source.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Orchestral LPs

Data	Report
Bach, C.P.E.: Concerto in F. Barbara Blegen and Thomas Schippers, pianos; with the New York Philharmonic conducted by Schippers. Concerto in G. The Vienna Baroque Ensemble; with Schippers, organ and conducting. Columbia stereo, MS 7428, $5.98.	Schippers's musical curiosity has produced several pioneering efforts of worth, and this investigation of the literature of C.P.E. Bach may be the most far reaching of all. For, in addition to the scholarship and the ingenuity that gratify the intellect, each contains the kind of lively, rewarding musical action that spells audience appeal. This is especially true of the F-major Concerto with two pianos. As in numerous other cases recently encountered, it would be helpful to have some illumination on the scope of the editing by H. Schwartz. The notes, which ramble on about Frederick the Great's flute playing, are mute not only on Schwartz's editing but even on his identity. There are suggestions of doublings, octave reinforcement, etc., that affiliate the work with much later keyboard practices than prevailed in 1740. The G-major, a much later work, is full of challenging ideas artfully utilized. Schippers performs well on the (again) unidentified organ. The liner refers to Miss Blegen as both Barbara and Judith. The latter, surely, must be the violin-playing, soprano-singing Judith Blegen, sister of Barbara, who had so great a success last year as Emily in Gian Carlo Menotti's *Help! Help! the Globolinks!*
Grieg: *Symphonic Dances* (Op. 64); *Norwegian Dances* (Op. 35). Morton Gould conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra. RCA stereo, LSC 3158, $5.98.	Morton Gould is ever mindful that, as well as being Grieg's most ambitious orchestral efforts, the *Symphonic Dances* are dances as well as symphonic. His rhythmic execution is sharp, his feelings for contrast and mood equally acute. That applies especially to the leisurely *allegretto grazioso* of the Opus 64 set and its counterpart in the *Norwegian Dances*, also No. 2 (which is for the average person "the" *Norwegian Dance*). The New Philharmonia performs with zest and precision, but the unidentified surroundings give back a somewhat flat, resonant sound, especially in the *Symphonic Dances*. There is a little more of a cushion in the *Norwegian Dances*, but not as much as desirable. For what it is worth, the usual credits to producer and engineer are missing. However, the ear tends to adapt to such situations, and Gould's performances are of a quality to reward attention.
Ravel: Concerto in G; Concerto for the Left Hand. Werner Haas, piano; with the Monte Carlo Orchestra conducted by Alceo Galliera. Philips stereo, SAL 3766, $5.98.	Standards in the performance of these two works are so high that merely good results, as Haas and Galliera undoubtedly achieve, do not give access to the levels of the better, let alone the best. This is not so much for overt insufficiencies, but for such limitations as an orchestra not of top quality, a color palette that does not match the best in clarity and variety, and a degree of energy from the soloist below that provided by some others. Even as a combination of Ravel's two concerti, the disc does not attain exclusive virtue, for it has been pioneered by another pianist, indeed another pianist named Haas (Monique). This is a coincidence of such monumental proportions that the new Schwann Artist Catalog refuses to accept the possibility that there may be *two* pianists named Haas who would couple the two concerti. In brief, both discs on which the two concerti are coupled are credited to Monique Haas, on page 169. Those with a special interest in Werner Haas, who has a direct link to the great Walter Gieseking, will find this a worthy addition to his personal catalogue, if not yet a challenge to the top specialists in this literature.
Ruggles: *Men and Mountains*. **Piston:** Concerto for Orchestra. William Strickland conducting the Polish National Radio Orchestra. **Swanson:** Short Symphony. Franz Litschauer conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. **Hively:** *Icarus*. Vohdan Wodiczko conducting the PNRO. CRI stereo, SD 254, $5.95.	Even the first appearance on a disc of Carl Ruggles's *Men and Mountains* cannot offset the absurdity of the project from which it benefits, in which European facilities and dubious technical skills are employed on behalf of American works. Like so many of its predecessors, this venture is so clouded by under-rehearsed performances indifferently reproduced that the musical content is in the speculative category. Even the Piston Concerto, which is relatively familiar, lacks definition and identity in this rendering. Some other intercession on behalf of Ruggles will have to precede further discussion of his long-celebrated work.
Saint-Saëns: Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso. **Chausson:** *Poème*. **Vieuxtemps:** Concerto No. 5. **Wieniawski:** Polonaise in D. Pinchas Zukerman, violin; with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Charles Mackerras. Columbia stereo, MS 7422, $5.98.	As even a superficial glance will reveal, the contents of this disc belong largely to what is known as the Franco-Belgian school of violinists and violinism, of which Vieuxtemps, as both creator and re-creator, was a particular pillar. The works can be played very well by a performer with Zukerman's powerful sound and tireless bow arm, but to distill the real perfume they contain, something more subtle and probing than the means he currently commands is mandatory. This is especially true of the Saint-Saëns and Chausson works, in which the invitation to technical display is difficult to resist. What Zukerman has to offer is better suited to the Vieuxtemps Concerto and the Wieniawski Polonaise, each of which emerges with the élan and *brio* currently characteristic of Zukerman's musical way. Mackerras accompanies well, but a little more effective leadership would not be amiss. Dazzlingly pure and revealing recording.
Schumann: Symphony No. 3 (*Rhenish*); Overture to *Faust*. Otto Klemperer conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel stereo, S 36689, $5.98.	The weight and breadth Klemperer imparts to this work are massively appropriate to the first movement, whose stride is long enough, its structure strong enough to support it. But it becomes ponderous and immobilizing when perpetuated without alteration in the Scherzo that follows and the concluding sections. For those who do not find this order of procedure too much of a good thing, there will be a welcome encore in a statement of the *Faust* Overture that is similar in temper and impulse (or lack of it). For some, however, Klemperer's conception of Schumann will be as deficient in momentum and drive as the treatment of some contemporaries is lacking in breadth and weight. What is indicated, obviously, is a merger of values that will give the kind of balance to the listener that Schumann gave to his creation. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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The "Empress" Still Reigns

by STANLEY DANCE

From first to last, from "Down Hearted Blues" to "Down in the Dumps," there is a commanding authority in all the records made by Bessie Smith, "The Empress of the Blues." One hundred sixty sides, all that are known to exist, are now miraculously in the process of being reissued by Columbia, in five sets of two LPs, each generously priced at $5.98. The first (GP-33) contains her sixteen earliest and sixteen last recordings, programed in such a way that with the project's completion it will be possible to enjoy her entire output chronologically on an automatic changer. This is the ideal representation of a great artist's legacy, made possible on the one hand by the fact that it all belongs to a single record company and, on the other, by the influence and long-standing enthusiasm of John Hammond.

In the Twenties, Bessie Smith was the popular idol of the black masses. Millions of her records were sold, and their success reputedly helped lift Columbia out of receivership at a time when the record industry's future was extremely doubtful. In the Thirties, primarily through the recommendations of musicians, she was discovered slowly and too late by a white audience seeking the "roots" of jazz. It was easy to become addicted to her singing then, and at one time collectors paid as much for a single 78 as will now be necessary to acquire the ten-LP empire.

Her death in 1937 brought her career to a tragic close. The dramatic and appalling facts of it are not quite as generally accepted, nor as used by Edward Albee in his play *The Death of Bessie Smith*. The story was straightened out to some extent in a 1969 *Esquire* article, "The True Death of Bessie Smith," by Sally Grimes, who had questioned Dr. Hugh Smith, a past president of the American Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons. Smith was the Memphis surgeon who tended the singer alongside the Mississippi highway after her car had plowed into a truck. He was accustomed to dealing with accident victims, and in his view Bessie "didn't have a prayer to survive" even "if she'd been hurt with her injuries on the front step of the University Hospital in Memphis." She was not

—*Van Vechten*

Bessie Smith—"immense authority."

bleeding to death, but had sustained "very severe injuries to her chest and abdomen." What made the situation even more nightmarish was that another car crashed into the surgeon's just as he was preparing to take her into Clarksdale. He now had three patients, including, he said, "a gentleman who had wrapped his chest over the steering wheel and a lady in the right front seat of his car who was clear up under the instrument panel." One of the members of Bessie Smith's accompanying band, who came on the scene in a bus shortly afterward, has confirmed that "the white doctor did all he could to help her." But what really happened after the ambulances arrived probably will never be known.

More important today is the consideration of Bessie Smith's artistry and her place in twentieth-century music. She was one of a group of female singers who have been misleadingly labeled "classic blues singers." Why none of their influential male contemporaries was "classic" has never been satisfactorily explained, nor has the fact that the "classic" ladies went out of fashion suddenly and almost simultaneously, at least so far as records were concerned.

Bessie Smith certainly deserved the adjective. So did her nearest rival, the unrelated Clara Smith. So did her mentor, "Ma" Gertrude Rainey, who was to Bessie what "King" Joe Oliver was to Louis Armstrong. The rest, "classics" by association, singers such as Mamie Smith, Ida Cox, Chippie Hill, Sippie Wallace, Viola McCoy, and Edith Wilson, were not really of their stature. Among the reasons sometimes advanced for their relegation to obscurity, besides radio, the "talkies," and the decline of vaudeville, are the Depression and the growing sophistication of black audiences. None is worth much consideration.

Male blues singers like Leroy Carr, Lonnie Johnson, and Big Bill Broonzy, who were less securely established in the 1920s, survived the Depression. Memphis Minnie, Mary Johnson, and Lil Johnson began their recording careers in 1929 and enjoyed varying popularity throughout the 1930s. Victoria Spivey recorded from 1926 to 1937 and is still active as proprietor of a blues recording company. Georgia White made nearly a hundred sides for Decca between 1935 and 1941, while Merline Johnson, the "Yas Yas Girl," made a similar number for Vocalion. Although Bessie Smith was immeasurably superior to any of these, orders from the pressing plant for two of her 1932 Columbia releases were for 800 and 400 copies respectively. And when she was recorded for the last time, in 1933, it was for an English jazz series!

On this final session, the jazz accompaniment—especially the trumpet playing of Frank Newton—was impressive; so were the songs written by two friends of hers, the vaudeville team of Coot Grant and Socks Wilson; but in sum the music was not addressed to the *blues* audience of the time. It reflected the singer's insistence on what annotator Chris Albertson terms (in the informative booklet accompanying the Columbia set) a "stylistic departure from her famous blues recordings." This suggests that it was not the audience but Bessie Smith who was growing relatively more sophisticated.

If true, it would not be surprising, because in the course of a life in vaudeville theaters, tent shows, gin mills, and nightclubs, she had been exposed to a good deal of sophistication of one kind or another. For example, musicians with whom she recorded, such as Fletcher Henderson, James P. Johnson, and Don Redman, however personally sympathetic, were attuned to the city rather than to the plantation. Bessie herself was born in Chattanooga, a city of 30,000, and made her home in Philadelphia from 1918 onward. Although she was still touring the South when the fatal accident occurred, and although she was perhaps most appreciated there, it is a fact that country values constantly reasserted them-

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Dvořák: Quintet in G (Op. 77); Waltzes (Op. 54, Nos. 1 and 4). Members of the Philharmonic Octet. Philips stereo, 802851, $5.98.	For all that the composer's designation for this work was Opus 18 (his publisher arbitrarily dubbed it Opus 77, on the premise that it would sell better if it was believed to be a later work), it is one of the great compositions of its kind. That kind is somewhat different from the quintets of Schubert and Brahms, in that Dvořák preferred to add a double bass to the quartet rather than doubling the viola or cello. The outcome in such a robust performance as this one is a throbbing wash of sonority over the multicolored texture of Dvořák's melodic and harmonic ideas. Now and then, as in the *Allegro vivace* (Scherzo), one would welcome more resilience and flexibility, but the other values are so strong that further complaint would be quibbling. The players (Alfred Malecek and Rudolf Hartmann, violins; Kunio Tsuchiya, viola; Heinrich Majowski, cello; and Rainer Zepperitz, bass) are at their best in the Finale, a broadly striding movement that gives us Dvořák in his best quasi-Schubert mood. The waltzes are equally well reproduced.
Dvořák: Sonata (Op. 57); Sonatina (Op. 100); "Four Romantic Pieces." Henri Temianka, violin; with Gerald Robbins, piano. Orion stereo, ORS 7020, $5.98.	The line of separation among a movement Dvořák considered suitable for a sonata, a sonatina, or one of four "Romantic Pieces" is not always easy to draw, but the problem is largely a semantic one. Taken as music, almost every one of the dozen movements on the two sides is animated by the same kind of sincerity and talent, musicality and craftsmanship as every other. And whether it is the movement of the Sonatina known in the Kreisler edition as "Indian Lament," the third (Larghetto) of the "Romantic Pieces," or the finale of the Sonata, it is the kind of Dvořák that has contributed to putting his name among the most popular composers in any category. Though Temianka's violin sound has not been heard on records as often as it should, it leaves nothing to be desired in richness, suitability to the material at hand, or responsiveness to the player's will. Temianka's excellent musicianship draws wholehearted concurrence from his younger associate at the piano. The recording is among those noted as "released under the auspices of the Yehudi Menuhin Foundation."
Haydn: Trios (Op. 53, Nos. 1, 2, and 3). **Schubert:** Trios in B flat (D. 581 and D. 471). Arthur Grumiaux, violin; Georges Janzer, viola; and Eva Czako, cello. Philips stereo, 802905, $5.98.	In addition to carving out a reputation for the best string trio not composed of members of the same family (the brothers Pasquier remain the all-time paragons), Arthur Grumiaux seems bent on carving out segments of the trio literature rarely, if ever, heard. Such are the Haydn trios whose origin may be disputed (they contain the same musical materials as the piano sonatas Nos. 40-42 of 1784) but which impress me as string writing and nothing else. In any case, they provide a sideful of lovely listening, led by Grumiaux with the artistry and enthusiasm that are the hallmarks of his musical personality. The Schubert trios of 1816-17, when he was approaching twenty, permit somewhat greater latitude for the viola and cello, but they are essentially violin solos with support by two others. When the composer is Schubert and the violinist is Grumiaux, who is to complain? Not this listener. The group might be in the room, so good and well balanced is the reproduction.
Liszt: "Sonetto 104 del Petrarca"; Ballade No. 2 in B minor; "Sonetto 123 del Petrarca"; "Vallée d'Obermann"; *Valse oubliée* No. 1 in F-sharp major; "Les jeux d'eaux à la Villa d'Este." Claudio Arrau, piano. Philips stereo, 802906, $5.98.	Long before he had attained his present rank as a Beethoven-Schumann-Brahms player, Arrau was widely known for the artistry of his Liszt. Indeed, as long ago as the late Thirties, the performance on a Decca disc of "Les jeux d'eaux à la Villa d'Este" by the otherwise unknown Arrau prompted a desire to know more about a performer capable of such execution. This version shows the advances in imagery to be expected over the length of time involved, without any decline in facility or precision. In both respects it is typical of the immaculate pianism coupled with interpretative insight that characterize one of the best Liszt recitals of recent years. For those unacquainted with it, the "Vallée d'Obermann" is an especially moody kind of Liszt, brooding and expressive. Very good piano reproduction, also.
Mozart: Serenades in E flat (K. 375) and C minor (K. 388). The Netherlands Wind Ensemble. Philips stereo, 802907, $5.98.	These are two performances of solid attributes, including well-matched merits among the instrumentalists represented. They are Han de Vries and Carlo Ravelli, oboes; George Pieterson and Hans Mossel, clarinets; Joop Meijer and Jan Peeters, horns; and Joep Terwey and Henk de Wit, bassoons. Now and then a line is pushed slightly off pitch, but for the most part it is clean, well-balanced execution. What it is not, to a similar degree, is interesting, freshly spirited interpretation. The C-minor has a more authoritative air for the reason that its serious, weighty content accords better with the temperament of the players. This means that the lighter, more jocular E-flat doesn't get all the life and animation becoming to it. The temptation would be to attribute this to the interpretative preference of Edo de Waart, who is identified as the conductor. However, the style of the playing suggests that de Waart functions primarily as a time-beater, as a unifier of a concept developed by the players themselves. The reproduction is very good. —I.K.

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selves in popular blues. In the North, the urban audiences for the "down-home" blues were, after all, mostly composed of migrants from the South. Even in recent times, blues trends have been dominated by singers of country and Southern background. Thus, the singers who replaced Bessie Smith, Ma Rainey, and Clara Smith in popularity were certainly neither better nor more sophisticated; rather, they were more primitive and, with a few exceptions such as Georgia White, more country.

A dichotomy in the black audiences undoubtedly existed. One section, the more urbanized, the more sophisticated (long resident in, say, New York, Washington, or Boston), seems to have found Bessie Smith too "rough," an adjective not infrequently applied to her. Another section probably questioned her presentation and choice of material. The blues singers who lasted through the 1930s were, on the whole, quite conservative. They clung to the familiar twelve-bar blues patterns, familiar melodies, and lyrics of familiar content. In other words, the elemental he-and-she songs of romantic strife and failure. The folklorists and sociologists had not yet emerged to read ever deepening significance into their unassuming but often poetic lyrics.

Today's young blues audience, conscious of a widening gulf between most blues and jazz, may well be puzzled by John Hammond's much-quoted statement on Bessie Smith: "I'm not sure that her art did not reach beyond the limits of the term jazz." More to the point now is what he also said on the same occasion: "She was one of those rare beings, a completely integrated artist capable of projecting her whole personality into music." That is what makes the initial Columbia set so fascinating. Better sets are yet to come—those with the matchless accompanists, Joe Smith, Louis Armstrong, Tommy Ladnier, and James P. Johnson—but here are both the confident young girl and the defiant veteran. The transition can almost be followed in the lyrics, from lines such as "I've got the world in a jug, the stopper's in my hand," to "Aggravatin' Papa, don't you try to two-time me," to "I ain't good looking, I'm built for speed," to "I've got the devil in my soul, and I'm full of bad news," and finally (in "Down in the Dumps") to "I'm always just like a tiger, I'm ready to jump." In every case there is a projection of personality and emotion that is beyond conscious artistry. "She had a certain something in her voice that no other blues singer could get," Louis Armstrong once said, simply and accurately.

She was, indeed, one of two early artists who, offering challenge and inspiration, appear to have commanded the respect of the young Armstrong. (Earl Hines was the other.) In *Louis Armstrong* (Nouvelles Editions Latines, Paris), Hugues Panassié makes a comparison with his accompaniments for another singer, Maggie Jones, née Fae Barnes: "One gets the impression that he plays for himself, indulging all his fantasies, contrary to the records of Bessie Smith, where he follows attentively the smallest nuances in the singing."

Success probably came to Bessie Smith too early. Making her stage debut at the age of nine, she spent her first week's salary on a pair of roller skates. Around 1910, when she was twelve, Ma Rainey came to Chattanooga in a touring troupe, the Rabbit Foot Minstrels. Twice Bessie's age and a thorough professional, she immediately recognized the youngster's potential when she heard her singing. She took her under her wing, and taught her much of what she had learned in the course of her career. Records afford plentiful examples of how much they had in common. Eventually, the pupil outgrew the teacher, and Bessie went out with another minstrel show, the Florida Cotton Pickers, a star in her own right. She worked through the South in all manner of places of entertainment, steadily gaining in popularity. According to Paul Oliver in his well-researched monograph, *Bessie Smith* (Cassell, London), she was earning $75 a week by the time she came of age. By 1920, her fame was such that she was hired to work a season in Atlantic City with such celebrated black entertainers as Bert Wheeler and Frankie "Half Pint" Jaxon.

A man who had never forgotten hearing her sing in Selma, Alabama, six years before, sent for her to come to New York to record in 1923. This was Frank Walker, one of the wisest and most honorable characters in the history of the American record industry. He was at that time in charge of recording black artists for Columbia, and his first single by Bessie Smith, coupling "Down Hearted Blues" and "Gulf Coast Blues," sold three-quarters of a million copies. He acted as her manager and was reputedly responsible for her saving $20,000 and buying a house in Philadelphia; but by 1928 she had become dissatisfied with his direction and was entrusting business affairs to her husband, an ex-policeman. The marriage broke up in 1930, and by then she already had acquired a reputation for drinking and cantankerousness. Harlem musicians still recall with sadness how she would have to be helped off stage at the end of a performance.

Her voice, as the later records show, had coarsened, but her harsh, growling inflections were perfectly in keeping with the tenets of "hot" jazz. In her last marvelous record session, in 1933, there were still immense authority, plenty of power, and her flawless, built-in rhythmic sense (listen to her over the stop-time in "Buggy Ride"). So it is ironic that the year of her death, 1937, should have been the very year when jazz, as "Swing," came finally into its own. A whole new era could have awaited her because swing she did, with majestic assurance, regardless of her backing.

The absence of drums on nearly all her records is not, incidentally, as significant as it might seem, although she is said to have preferred to "set the beat" herself. Not until the late 1930s were drums commonly heard on blues records, and one of the big differences between those made before and after World War II is precisely in this area. The rhythmic command of the singers tended to lessen as the sound of the rhythm section became more pronounced. Bessie Smith was far ahead of them in other respects, too. In an interview with Kay Mott for the Philadelphia *Inquirer* magazine in 1961, John Brown, Jr., her accompanist during the last five years of her career, said: "I didn't need to consider what key or register would be best for her. I just picked whatever seemed best for a song, and she could sing it—high, low, or in the middle. In any register, Bessie was the best."

When she died, the torch passed to Billie Holiday. Although she seldom sang the blues, Billie transformed most of her material into the likeness of the blues, just as Bessie had done. Another great singer who often re-created the power and the glory of Bessie's voice, and *never* sang the blues, was—and is—Mahalia Jackson. In her book *Movin' On Up* (Avon), she recalled how she used to play blues records as a child in New Orleans, whenever her strict aunt was out of the house. "Bessie was my favorite," she wrote, "but I never let people know I listened to her. Mamie Smith, the other famous blues singer, had a prettier voice, but Bessie's had more soul in it. She dug right down and kept it in you. Her music haunted you even when she stopped singing."

The Empress of the Blues, one of the great American artists of the century, was buried in Mount Lawn Cemetery, Darby, Pennsylvania. There was no marker of any kind on her grave until this year, when Janis Joplin, the blues-rock singer, and Juanita Green, a registered nurse from Philadelphia, shared the cost of a gray-black stone inscribed, "The Greatest Blues Singer in the World will never stop singing."

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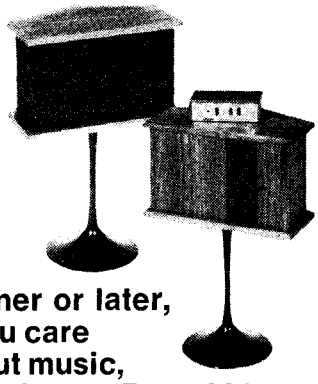

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Spoleto Sampler, Minus Schippers

The Spoleto Festival, Gian Carlo Menotti's brain child bringing together the arts and their retinue of personalities from two worlds (America and Europe), has had its predictable ups and downs since that celebrated opening night in 1958. Having started out with a "bang" heard 'round the world—drawing upon celebrated artists along with the unknown (Shirley Verrett and Pinchas Zukerman, for instance, had their first major airings there) and a powerhouse society following—it has now seemingly settled into secondary membership in the international festival circuit, pursuing a somewhat limited course of activity with its new artistic director, Massimo Bogianckino, and president, Menotti.

Mercury now has seen fit to issue a two-record sampler of recent Spoleto activities in live performances (SR2-9133). Unfortunately, Spoleto is more than musicians making music, poets reading, actors in the theater: It is all these things combined with the atmosphere of this lovely third-century B.C. town with its ruins, Piazza del Duomo, and winding streets in midsummer. And as Menotti himself says in his introduction: "the spirit of Spoleto is much too elusive, too unpredictable, too ephemeral . . . the Festival of Spoleto is more improvised than planned, and its splendor is often left to chance and to its visual beauty."

It can be said, however, that the midday chamber music concerts in the small Teatro Caio Melisso have been a major contribution musically, for under Charles Wadsworth's direction there were the seeds of adventure and variety that bore fruit in the Lincoln Center Chamber Music Society. On this recording his brand of rich music-making can be heard in two brief galliards (of Thomas Collier and Nicholas Gryffith) by Dowland, well played by the American Brass Quintet; Bach's C-major Harpsichord Concerto (after Vivaldi), played with strength and security by Luciano Sgrizzi (though recorded rather close to the source); Paganini's melodic String Quartet (transcribed from his Seventh Guitar Quartet), ably played by the Bartók Quartet (giving it more sobriety than insouciance); two early and beautiful Tchaikovsky songs ("Lullabye" and "So Painful, So Sweet"), radiantly sung by the talented soprano Veronica Tyler (though Wadsworth's piano accompaniment is captured too far back); and two Palestrina motets ("O bone Jesu" and "Sicut cervus"), well served by the Coro Polifonico of the Oratorio SS. Stimmate di Roma.

For the opera-minded—and Spoleto has always staged at least one major work, from its first *Macbeth* through Prokofiev's *The Flaming Angel, Tristan,* and *Pelléas*—there are twenty-five minutes' worth of Donizetti's *Il furioso all'Isola di San Domingo* (1832) staged in the Melisso in 1967 and conducted by Bruno Campanella, a twenty-four-year-old conservatory student making his podium debut in last-minute circumstances. The Act I finale reveals Donizetti at his best in the well-built ensemble, but the remainder is hampered by an orchestra of little quality or unity (that of the Teatro Verdi di Trieste) and a dead sound that must have been recorded from the prompter's box. Baritone Gianluigi Colmagro (as Cardenio, the madman) stands out in a performance that is otherwise provincial.

Representing the spirit of new music that has pervaded the chamber and orchestra concerts are three excerpts from Alain Kremski's *Hommage à Kandinsky* (1966), Bergian in their brevity and condensation of ideas as the composer explores new possibilities with the scale, the perfect chord, and the order of sounds. He led an appropriately concise and transparent performance with Gli Accademici of Milan. From Spoleto's spoken word department there are contributions from Allen Ginsberg in terse readings of "Small Spoleto Mantra" and "Portland Coloseum" (some lively imagery here describing a Beatles concert) and Ezra Pound giving a raspy reading of his complex "Canto XVI." In all, a not terribly satisfying *bollito misto* from the hills outside Rome—and strange that Spoleto's one and only music director, Thomas Schippers, is nowhere to be found. Or is Mercury not one of the labels for which he is nonexclusive?

—ROBERT JACOBSON.

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Broadway

Continued from page 36

four. By avoiding the usual scene-by-scene story progression, it can move freely and imaginatively—back and forth in time, up and down the multi-platformed stage, in and out with songs projected boldly to comment on and interrupt the action. Best of all, it comes across as the creation of minds working with a singleness of purpose, so that the impression is that of a seamless entity with each element perfectly meshed and interdependent.

Here again, though, we are faced with the honesty bit. To believe *Company*, we must accept the fact that five married couples, so insecure in their own relationships, must have a thirty-five-year-old bachelor to make their lives complete, and that he, in turn, is almost equally dependent upon them. Now, c'mon. One couple, yes. Maybe two. But five couples? Ten people? Who seem to do little else all day and all night but think about Bobby, Bobby, Bobby? Thus, while the theme is worthy and the execution brilliant, there is something disturbingly contrived about the linking device on which the play is hooked.

The score for *Company* (Columbia, OL 3550), like that of *Hair*, is the essence of the work itself. It deserves nothing but praise, primarily for its dogged ability to concern itself—and us—with the issue of its hero's relationship with his married friends. In fact, the angular opening number establishes so well the obsessive nature of these friends that one can't help wondering why the man puts up with them at all. But Stephen Sondheim's score is all of a piece, moving surely and strikingly as it reveals such aspects of modern marriage as its ambivalence in "Sorry-Grateful," its mosaic composition in "The Little Things You Do Together," and the exultant finale number, "Being Alive."

The musical theater is America's most popular theater of the absurd. It can do almost anything it wants to do and go in almost any direction. It has only one basic requirement: music. Today, possibly more than ever before, it would seem that the form is in need of liberation. It must move away from the imprisoning impossible dream of songs flowing smoothly from dialogue and whose only function is to move the story ever onward. If it is to have a future, it must be receptive to the kind of abstract treatment that has infused *Company* and, to a lesser degree, *Hair*. But style alone can never replace content. And content cannot long depend on old film scripts and plays. In our churning world, what is needed are challenging, original themes that will take full advantage of the unlimited potential of the musical stage. Then, hopefully, will its honesty be more of substance than illusion.

STANLEY GREEN, long-time *SR* contributor, is also author of "The World of Musical Comedy."

WIT TWISTER #179

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The spirits of the _ _ _ _ _ _
return
To _ _ _ _ _ _ _ those who
made them sin.
Their grim _ _ _ _ _ _ _ is,
"Let these burn,
"Since they, O Satan, led us in!"
—A.S.

(*Answer on page 46*)

André Malraux said to Charles Munch...

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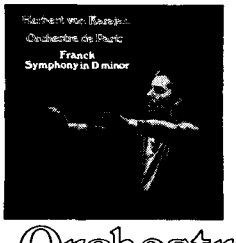

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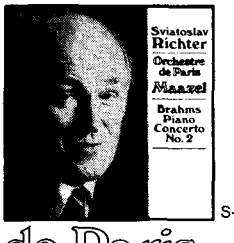

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Angel

Orchestre de Paris

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Letters to the Recordings Editor

Louis, Merci Mille Fois

Merci, merci mille fois for the wonderful articles about Louis Armstrong in the July 4 issue—and another big *merci* for the beautifully presented cover.

To all the lovers of this unique man and his music—and I found them all around the world, believe me—your articles are more than simple tribute; they are a consecration, a much-deserved recognition from a great literary magazine, which I have also found all over the globe.

JEAN RELDY,
Houston, Tex.

Louis, True and False

WHEN the July 4 *SR* arrived, I seized it with glee. Anyone, like myself, who has loved Louis since childhood would have been delighted to see that cover: "The Man Who Revolutionized Jazz." But alas, there was little to justify such joy. Only Bud Freeman, who was doing some revolutionizing himself back in the late Twenties and early Thirties, came near to the subject of the "symposium" when he talked about the difference between the staid and jerky rhythms of ragtime and the fluid *swing* that was Louis's essential contribution to the language of jazz.

Your "symposium" would have been of infinitely greater value and, I think, a worthier tribute to Louis if, instead of offering Milt Gabler's inane reminiscences about the recording of "Blueberry Hill," you had had a good critic (say Martin Williams) write about the records that revolutionized jazz and that the public can still hear. The records to which I refer are those that Louis made for Okeh between 1925 and 1932. About sixty of these are at present available on LP in the United States—a fact that, incidentally, points up the irony of your printing the word "Jazz" in stars and stripes, since more than 100 of these records are available in Great Britain. So much for America's appreciation of her musical giants.

JOHN E. GALE,
Lewisburg, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The articles were concerned with Louis Armstrong, the whole man. As such, the entertainer is as much involved as the jazz pioneer.*

Louis in the "Record"

SALUTE TO LOUIS ARMSTRONG

MR. PRESIDENT, on July 4, Mr. Louis Armstrong, the great American trumpeter, singer, and entertainer, observed his seventieth birthday. A series of essays about Mr. Armstrong appears in the July 4, 1970, issue of *Saturday Review* under the title, "The Man Who Revolutionized Jazz." As a long-time admirer of the talent and the personality of this remarkable American musician, Louis Armstrong, I ask unanimous consent that the article from *Saturday Review* be printed at this point in the *Record*.

There being no objection, the article was ordered to be printed in the *Record*. . . .

GEORGE MCGOVERN,
U.S. Senator,
South Dakota.

Subotnick's "Touch"

SR's RECORDINGS reviewer touched upon two tender spots in his recent review of Subotnick's "Touch" (RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, *SR*, July 25). One is his equation of the organ with a sound-effects machine. He doesn't say it outright, but his implication is clear. One expects this from the lay mind, but not from one supposedly knowledgeable. This is not to say that the organ has not been used as a sound-effects machine. Liszt began exploring this facet of the instrument in the nineteenth century, and many (but not all) contemporary composers are approaching it in this wise.

As for that other tender spot, it concerns the insistence of reviewers (and hence audiences) to equate new uses of sound media such as Subotnick's with traditional musical standards. Why encumber this essentially new sound-related art form by insisting upon calling it music? It's an exciting new art form and ought to be appreciated (or criticized) for what it is, not for what somebody thinks it ought to be. I wish Subotnick and his fellows would take the challenge and come up with a name for it. I once (in another context) suggested "sound essay" but found no takers.

BARBARA OWEN,
Pigeon Cove, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There was no intention to imply that the organ is a "sound-effects machine," only that, like the organ, the electronic devices are means, not ends. As for criteria, until the objectives involved are redefined, the only appropriate criteria for a mode of expression directed to a listener are those related to music.*

The Price of "Les Troyens"

In the article on *Les Troyens* ("Berlioz's 'Les Troyens,' Busoni's 'Doktor Faust,' and Hindemith's 'Cardillac,'" *SR*, July 25), Broude Brothers were mentioned as the source for the Bärenreiter score of the opera. Since this might give the impression that they are the exclusive U.S. distributor, I should like to explain that the score may be obtained through any reputable music dealer in the United States. And since you gave Broude Brothers' price ($140), it may not be amiss to mention that my price for the same score is $85.

THEODORE FRONT,
131 North Robertson Blvd.,
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 45: damned, madden, demand.

Size of Szell

Continued from page 35

George Szell (1946) in Cleveland—"His stated objective—an orchestra to equal any in the world."

place tool for functioning among musicians of the top rank. The capacity to relate two known facts to produce an unknown is rarer. It came to attention, not long ago, that Szell was profoundly gifted in this regard, too. Comparing the recordings under several eminent conductors of the *Haffner* Symphony of Mozart (No. 35 in D) it came to blinding realization that the only one who *correctly* dropped off the two notes (A, D) at the end of the Minuet at its repetition was Szell. When an opportunity presented itself, I queried him on this, mentioning that the recently revealed manuscript (in facsimile) bore out that this was the correct procedure. He smiled: "Yes, it *is* in the manuscript which was owned by Mrs. Carey. But there is also a *fermata* over the first D, and Mozart wouldn't put it there for no reason. Also, it is similar to the *aria da capo* in opera tradition, where the two notes *are* played for a connecting link the first time around, but NOT repeated at the final chords."

One might cite similar instances in profusion, not all of them bearing on the powers of persuasion that Szell developed over the musicians with whom he came in contact. But he had his insights and his farsights and they were very difficult to quarrel with. Szell was not, as has been said of some beloved individuals, all heart; nor was he, as some have contended, all head. But he was all music, and the size of his figure will grow as time recedes and the magnitude of his accomplishment emerges in ever greater grandeur against its background.

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Der Fuehrer

Continued from page 21

have realized then that these stupendous plans were an indication that Hitler was thinking of subjugating Europe under his Dome and victory banners. But, dutifully working out the colossal measurements, he didn't catch the hint. He was, after all, nonpolitical, with aspirations to become his patron's Michelangelo. Only late in the war, when Speer saw the unbuilt models, did he find himself thinking that Gross-Berlin as projected was "far out of scale." By that time the rest of the city was largely in ruins.

For all the vast settings with Lucullan pleasures Hitler planned for himself, he remained a stuffy, increasingly puffy petty bourgeois, without social graces and with a pronounced passion for pastry and cuckoo clocks—all of which was somewhat painful to the attending Speer. There was no intelligent conversation at Hitler's dinner table in the Chancellery or at his Berghof retreat; at both the evening's guests comprised few others than old party cronies, fattened Gauleiters, the dull mistress Eva Braun, and assorted secretaries—many of them succumbing to yawns while Hitler repeated his banal boyhood stories before the nightly double-feature movies were shown.

Speer endured ten years of such company without either going mad or shooting the monster. It is hard to escape the thought that as a regular he rather enjoyed the sheer convulsions at Hitler's table. He shared, for instance, the Fuehrer's outbursts of practical jokes and witticisms at the expense of his closest subordinates—a jape or funny story about Goebbels or Goering or Streicher or Ley—whoever would provoke Hitler to tears of laughter. He evidently despised them as much as he did the German people as a whole. Speer deplored the taste of his idol, but stayed close to the altar.

Now, with twenty years' hindsight, Speer makes a general point that the far younger Fest also makes, and even more succinctly: Was there ever such a collection of mediocrity, incapacity, irresponsibility, stupidity—let alone sheer brutality—in high place? Speer and Fest between them offer innumerable details about their more blatant asininities and debauchery.

The bustle, scandal, sport, and truth of Speer's book make it a major exercise. But when he says, somewhat condescendingly, of his confederates, "They were all under Hitler's spell. They obeyed him blindly, with no will of their own," we know that he is speaking in fact of himself. No man was more culpable in his surrender.

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(Continued on page 48)

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(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 49)

FAMILY CAMPING

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1899

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Find out the true character or activity of; discover the fact of	28 42 46 50 59 79
B. Censure, reproach severely	139 177 86 98 101 107 122
C. Harsh circumstances, hardships	161 175 19 39 56 135
D. Hide, put away (as loot)	145 151 188 5 16
E. Theoretically (2 wds.)	102 113 118 153 53 167 84
F. Canadian province whose capital is Edmonton	61 85 108 119 186 2 13
G. Huge; powerful	49 78 114 127 132 137
H. Montezuma cypress	159 169 55 67 80 125 134 154 162
I. Minor prophet of the 7th cent. B.C.	166 184 63 95 110 140 17 22 25
J. Early Christian acrostic symbol of Christ	29 74 100 111 133 155 173
K. British colonial administrator, governor at various times of Va., Md., S.C., and Nova Scotia	18 33 99 146 8 164 179 190 60
L. Subbranch of Celtic	141 163 187 193 36 105
M. Eastern and Sand Islands, central Pacific	142 165 185 3 32 91
N. American author and adventurer (1754-1828? "The Emigrants")	92 171 183 192 27

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. 3 wds. followed by WORD Q: begin; inaugurate	109 88 144 41 129 81 94 21 26
P. Award, honor	64 115 123 147 9 44 58 75
Q. See WORD O: (2 wds.)	158 157 117 103 4 97 69 128 73
R. Weapons of Henry's troops at Agincourt	89 172 160 35 126 178 148 11
S. Brought into being on a firm basis	48 52 120 68 182 14 112 31 38 170 71
T. "———forget: yet all shall be forgot," says Henry. (2 wds., "Henry V")	54 124 150 176 82 93
U. Defective	191 37 72 77 90 30
V. The first Whig, according to Samuel Johnson (2 wds.; Boswell)	20 47 121 40 96 106 1 194
W. Where WORD V resides	152 116 76 149 180
X. Suburb of London with docks, shipyards, etc. (2 wds.)	131 6 43 15 60 87 189
Y. French painter, sculptor (1869-1954; "The Joy of Life")	62 83 168 181 45 130 57
Z. Decree, ukase	136 70 104 7 24
Z^1 Binge, spree	51 10 138 23
Z^2 To stuff full with food and drink	12 174 156 34 65 143

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

		1 V	2 F		3 M	4 Q	5 D		6 X		7 Z	8 K	9 P	10 Z^1	11 R	12 Z^2
13 F	14 S		15 X	16 D	17 I	18 K	19 C		20 V	21 O	22 I	23 Z^1		24 Z	25 I	26 O
27 N		28 A	29 J	30 U		31 S	32 M	33 K	34 Z^2		35 R	36 L	37 U		38 S	39 C
40 V	41 O	42 A	43 X		44 P	45 Y		46 A	47 V	48 S		49 G	50 A	51 Z^1	52 S	
53 E	54 T	55 H	56 C	57 Y	58 P		59 A	60 X	61 F	62 Y	63 I	64 P	65 Z^2	66 K	67 H	
68 S	69 Q	70 Z		71 S	72 U	73 Q	74 J	75 P	76 W		77 U	78 G	79 A	80 H		81 O
82 T	83 Y	84 E	85 F		86 B	87 X	88 O	89 R	90 U	91 M		92 N	93 T		94 O	95 I
96 V	97 Q	98 B		99 K	100 J	101 B	102 E	103 Q	104 Z	105 L		106 V	107 B	108 F	109 O	110 I
111 J	112 S	113 E	114 G		115 P	116 W	117 Q	118 E	119 F	120 S	121 V	122 B		123 P	124 T	125 H
126 R	127 G	128 Q	129 O	130 Y	131 X		132 G	133 J	134 H	135 C	136 Z		137 G	138 Z^1	139 B	140 I
141 L		142 M	143 Z^2	144 O		145 D	146 K	147 P	148 R	149 W	150 T		151 D	152 W	153 E	154 H
	155 J	156 Z^2	157 Q		158 Q	159 H	160 R		161 C	162 H	163 L	164 K	165 M	166 I	167 E	
168 Y	169 H	170 S		171 N	172 R	173 J	174 Z^2		175 C	176 T	177 B	178 R	179 K	180 W	181 Y	182 S
183 N	184 I		185 M	186 F	187 L	188 D	189 X		190 K	191 U		192 N	193 L	194 V		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 5 of this issue.

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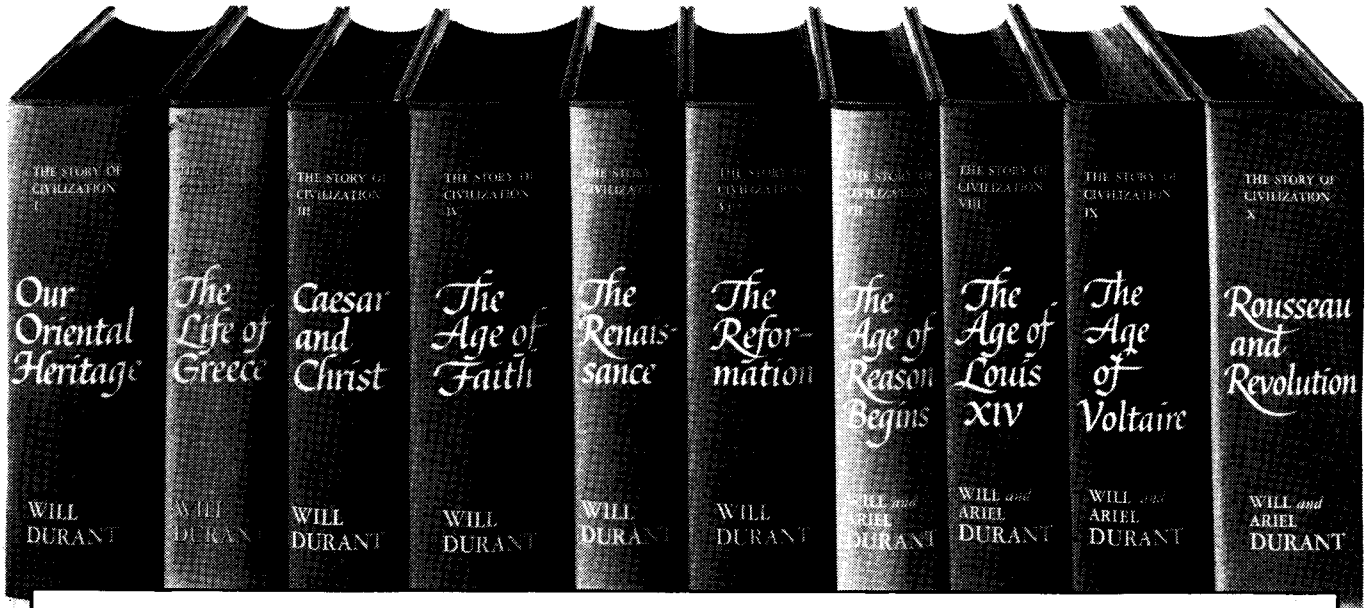

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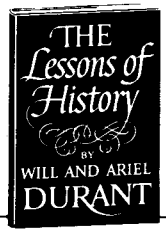

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